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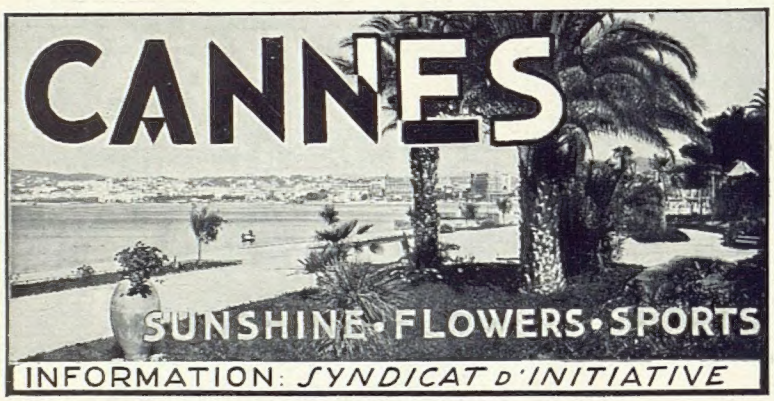

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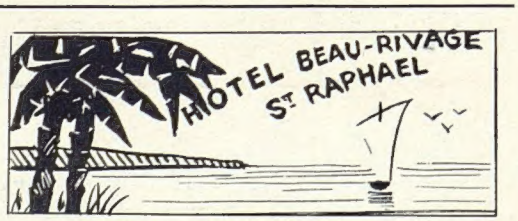

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MENTON—*continued.*

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Geneva.—The Beau Rivage.—Finest pos. on Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. Splendid terrace with open-air Restaurant.

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The Bystander January 10, 1934

No. 1569. Vol. CXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Devised by Macsee

Caricatures by Gould

"Murderous Marriages": No. 9. Amy Mollison and Clifford Mollison

The victims of our quaint caricaturist this week are Amy Mollison, who has made her reputation in the clouds, and Clifford Mollison, who, though closely associated with wings, is famous on theatrical boards. For the picture of the lady our Mr. Gould has deftly arranged a flying helmet, a pair of goggles, and an oil tin; while to depict the manly features he has had recourse to cardboard, some packing paper, a couple of liquorice "hundreds and thousands," an Eton collar, and a tie. Some touches of paint are added, and then the camera completed the work

"I *still* think it was her mind"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Back to the Grindstone

OUR aristocratic noses are once more applied to the remorseless and revolving stone, sweet adorables, and we are slogging away for your delectation. What shall we tell you about the "holiday" week? Shall we describe how we donned our striped shirts and gay stockings on Boxing Day and played "Soccer" against the local village? And how we had the yokels' goal at our mercy but stubbed our toe at the crucial moment and fell heavily against the goal-post, amid the derisive and ecstatic cheers of the district urchins? No. It is too painful a subject. We are still stiff and sore, both in body and mind. Let us, instead, quote to you an exquisite echo of Christmastide. In that ancient and catholic and Christian country of Spain, the children of Barcelona were taught to sing a hymn of peace and good will towards men, a hymn of sweetness and brotherly love, the first verse of which began, "Sling the bomb, spitting fire, place well the mine, grasp firm the pistol." Truly civilisation is growing more idealistic every day.

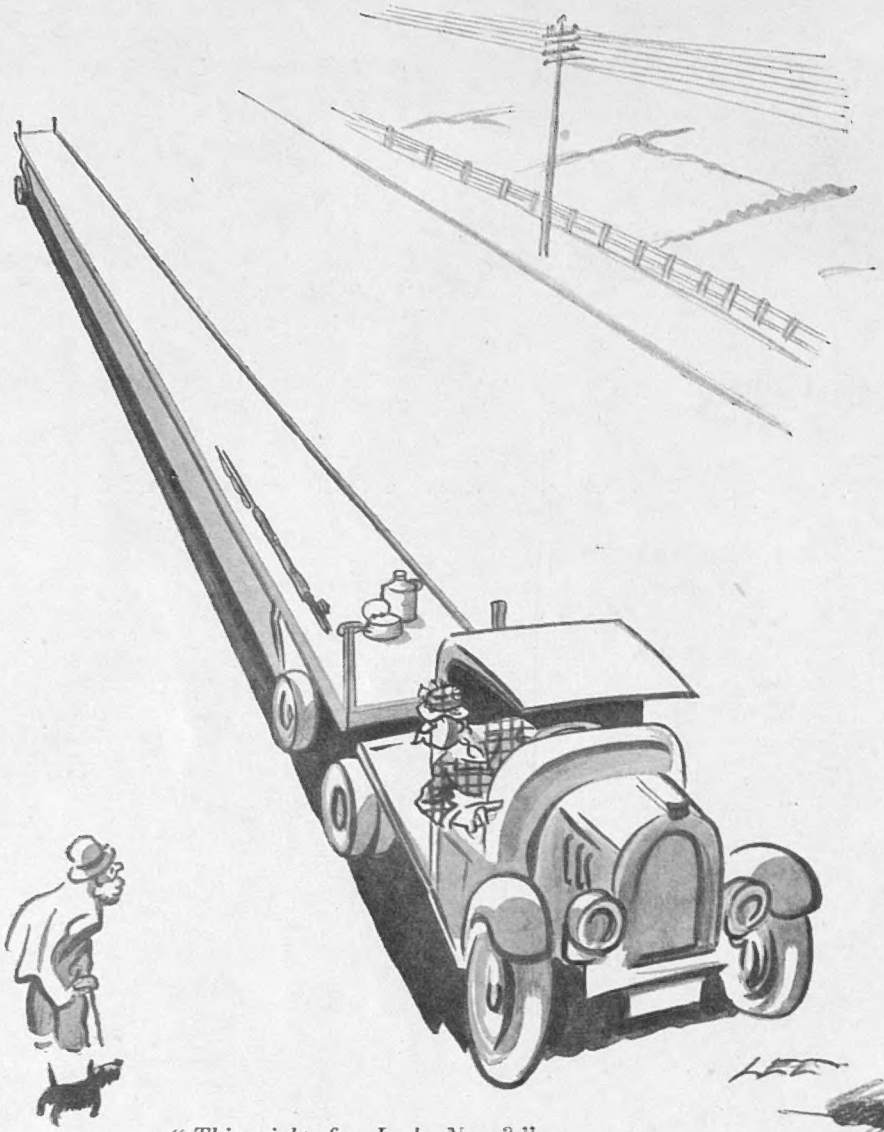
Portuguese Agility

A TEAM of eight Portuguese peasants performed the traditional Stick Dance of Miranda do Douro in the Albert Hall last Saturday. "It would be idle to pretend," observes our illustrated rival, *The Times*, "that this remarkable display of skill and agility is characteristic of Portugal as a whole," and, by thunder, our illustrated rival is right for once. These peasants sprang about with a considerable vivacity, but they seemed slow and tame to those of the audience who had seen, as we had, a bevy of Portuguese Generals leaving the front line at Armentières and going full out for Boulogne and the strong arm of the British Navy. There was speed and agility for you. One of them was moving with such smoothness and rhythm that he was able, without losing a jot of speed, to launch a mighty kick at a rabbit that he was overtaking, exclaiming as he did so, "Get out of the way, you furry beast, and let them run as can." What unforgettable fire! What grace of movement! No wonder the High Command of the British Army in France issued its immortal order that "in future, all ranks of the B.E.F. will refer, in conversation and correspondence, to the Portuguese Corps as 'our gallant allies,' and not, as hitherto, as 'those d———d geese.'" Geese, indeed. Swans, and fast-moving swans at that.

"You can't turn me out to-night, father—it isn't snowing!"

Laundry Rejoicings

THERE must be the wildest enthusiasm in laundering circles in the Irish Free State at the prohibition of General O'Duffy's Blue Shirts. For years now, this famous and historical trade has been under a cloud of increasing depth and darkness. Mangels have been rusting all over Europe; wurzels have been steadily decaying (What? A sort of veg.? Oh, sorry!); anyway, what we mean is that the one-colour, or homochromeous, shirting has been the despair of the wash-tubs. First there were black shirts, with a corresponding violent slump in the shares of all Italian laundries. Then came the Soviet red



"This right for Loch Ness?"

shirts. Then Hitler's brown shirts. The Irish Republicans dived in with green, Ulster with orange, and, lastly, O'Duffy with his blues. Now, at last, there has been a step in the other direction, and many a bar of soap and many a clothes-peg in the Free State is champing at the sud once again. In the meanwhile, we wonder what effect the Mosley boys, with their unshrinkable, unwashable blacks, are having on the washing-trade of Chelsea.

Poor Emperor!

A GENTLEMAN has just arrived from Hollywood who is universally described in our contemporaries as the Napoleon of the film-world. Why is it that only film-magnates and newspaper-proprietors are ever compared to Napoleon? A man who controls the output of a large number of rather painful films may be called Napoleonic; and so may a man who controls the output of a vast amount of sensational and pretty inaccurate information. Poor Emperor! He had his faults, but he could have done better than either of these if he had been alive now.

A New Racket

MONSTERS are very much the vogue these days. It is reported from New York that gangsters have kidnapped a live whale, weighing 55 tons, during its transit between Chicago and New York. Hasty enquiries by our agents elicited the comforting news that Mr. G. K. Chesterton is not at present lecturing in the United States, and Mr. Aubrey Hammond has also been safely accounted for. It is thought that the gangsters may have been in the pay of the peasants who live on the shores of Loch Lochy or Loch Oich, and who are in a ferment of passionate jealousy against their more fortunate neighbours. There is little doubt that within a year or two every self-respecting Highland loch will be well-equipped with its own monster. In the meanwhile, we offer our sympathy to the owner of the abducted whale. "It is not the value of the animal that worries me," he said tearfully. "It is just that I love that whale." Sir James Barrie and Mr. A. A. Milne are said to have telegraphed their condolences, and the grateful owner intends to christen it, after he has ransomed it, Christopher Wendy Robin.

Committing Rocketry

HURRAH! The Society for Interplanetary Travel has been launched at last, with Secretary, first Lady Fellow, and an office in Cheshire. And what is more, there is an Hon. Sec. whose "knowledge of astronomy is almost as extensive as space itself." The objective of the Society is to stimulate British Rocketry to such a pitch that we shall be able to pop our friends into rockets and despatch them at a considerable speed to various planets. Ultimately, we imagine, Messrs. Cook and Messrs. Lunn

"Old Spike used to cut a very neat throat"

" Steward, I've just found two strange women in my cabin—I'd like you to put one of them out "

will handle extensive tours. There will be luxury-rockets, sports-rockets, all-one-class rockets, and, for the benefit of Bloomsbury poetesses, tramp-rockets, which will be specially adapted for the collection of local colour. We are especially interested in this Interplanetary stuff as we have for many years been trying to establish communication with Venus, with varying degrees of success.

What a Golfer!

On Christmas Day Mr. John Ball was seventy years of age. Eight times winner of the Amateur Championship, and once Open Champion, he was the greatest match-player who ever swung a golf club. He was never beaten till the match was over. Five down and eight to play against Mr. F. S. Bond at Westward Ho! in 1912, he hung on grimly and won by a hole. Five down at one time to the mighty Freddy Tait, in 1899, in the final of the Championship, he won on the thirty-seventh green. With his inevitable buttonhole, his supremely graceful swing, and his impassive determination, he was one of the grandest figures who ever stepped on to a golf-course. Long may he be spared to us.

No New Bishop

It appears that this country is on the edge, as America once was, of a cycle of dry years. This does not mean very much to us who, having already pledged ourselves not to dabble with bootlegged milk, are prepared to do the same act of self-sacrifice with water. But there are many folk whose livelihood will be seriously affected if they can lead a cow to the river, but cannot find anything to make her drink. There is, however, no truth in the rumour that the Government is about to a create a new Bishop of Drought and Wells.

THESPÆANS

No. 15.—Miss Winifred Shotter

Miss Winifred Shotter might not win fame
As a sinister, slinky vamp
Whose favourite tipple is absinthe, and
Is Queen of a dangerous, hell-fire band
Whose object it is to decamp
With the secret plans for a super fleet
That the First Lord has sent to 10, Downing Street.

Miss Winifred Shotter might not impress
As Lady Macbeth, it is true,
When urging her spouse to make haste and snuff
Out the candle of poor old Macduff
In way that the gangsters do;
But what does that matter? For she 's just fine
When taking a farcical-comedy line.

And a Travers farce would not seem complete
With Winifred out of the cast,
For just as we laugh at the toothful grin
And vapid expressions of Mr. Lynn
When the humour is waxing fast,
So we welcome the lady with pleasure too
As a charming, ingenuous ingenue.

Though your gay old dogs may run true to form
In pursuing the blonde and bold,
There 's many a man who prefers to see
The picture of smiling simplicity
That our Winifred will unfold.
And that 's why so many a man is found
Who 's a right-down, regular Shotter-hound.

B. W.

" Coo-ee, kiddies, come and find auntie! "

A Great Actor

THERE is to be a public subscription for a national tribute to Sir Henry Lytton, the great Gilbert and Sullivan actor, the Savoyard (indeed, he might almost be called the King of Haute Savoie). In February Sir Henry completes fifty years on the stage, and then he is going to retire. In those fifty years he has become a national institution. He must have given joy and laughter to more men and women than any actor who ever lived, and he must certainly have a unique record in never having played to an empty or apathetic house. Very few people realise that in his younger days Sir Henry was a scratch golfer, and we ourselves saw him, at the age of well over sixty, drive a very snappy ball plumb down the middle of the fairway.

Good-bye, Mr. Mead

So the old man of Marlborough Street has retired at last. Eighty-six years of age, and just as quick in telling you to pay forty shillings for parking your car in the wrong place as a man fifty years his junior. He was the pride of the bench of magistrates and the bane of the motorist. Boat-Race night will never seem quite the same again without its inevitable chat with Mr. Mead on the following day; nor shall we fling ourselves with quite our old zest into "Rugger"-match night.

Tantivy

THE frost seems to have gone away for a bit, and the tally-ho boys and girls are out again, with their quaint costumes and unharmonious noises and desperate gallops. The country is a mass of good foxes and bad foxes; hounds are chopping all over the place, and running right-handed and finding and losing and checking, and doing their time-honoured stuff. At all costs the breed of whippet tanks must be maintained, if we are going to rescue London from the imminent dangers of being bombed by the Monte Carlo air-fleet or whatever the imminent danger is at the moment.

What is a Debt?

TALKING of Monte Carlo reminds us not only of that neat little blonde we met last time (What? Oh, all right, all right), but also of the action that the Monte Carlo Government is going to take in the Supreme Court of America to recover a debt from the State of Mississippi. It appears that the Mississippians, way back in the hungry 'forties, were so darned hungry that they borrowed a great wad of British money to buy pea-nuts with and build railways, and so on. Once they had safely got the dibs they refused to pay it back. Now it seems that an individual is not allowed to sue the State of Mississippi, but a Government can. So one of the unlucky descendants of the unlucky creditors has handed a wad of his bonds to the Monte Carlo Government—presumably in exchange for a couple of ten-franc plaques in the Casino—and the Monégasques are getting down to business. Whether they will succeed or not is another matter, but at least they will throw a little limelight on that interesting riddle, "When is a debt not a debt?" the answer to which is, of course, "Only when it is owed by, not to, America."

A Great Chance for Eton

IT is announced that "the keepers and governors of the possessions, revenues, and goods of the Free Grammar School of John Lyon, Harrow-on-the-Hill," in other words the governors of Harrow, are going to sell some of their land. What a chance for Eton to buy it up, as a first step in the ultimate acquisition of the entire freehold of Harrow! Think of the grand glow of superiority with which the Eton lads would go up to Lord's to play in the annual tenants' match! And, as landlords, they would always be raising rents and refusing to repair gates and arguing about Queen Anne's Bounty. Winchester, of course, would watch developments with its habitual air of bland detachment.

Historical Wisecracks: No. 2

As the faithful Boswell remarked to Dr. Johnson—

"YOU 'RE TELLING ME!"

Mr. Cooper

WEEK by week the steady drain upon the world's supply of bananas is being continued by Mr. Melville Cooper, in *Laburnum Grove*, at the Duchess Theatre. Four at each performance, thirty-two a week, as regular as clock-work the consumption goes on. Experts are already predicting a world-shortage of bananas and a consequent sharp rise in the price of this commodity. The cost of living in Jamaica has taken a turn for the higher, and President Roosevelt's Bain boys are keeping a close watch upon the situation. The League of Nations may possibly call a conference to deal with the whole problem, which will doubtless be adjourned sine die, and France has generously cancelled a few more debts that she was owing to various people.

THE BYSTANDERS.

"Aw, don't talk wet"

The Passing Picture Show

By

Sydney Tremayne

"The Affairs of Voltaire"

CAN it be that Mr. Arliss is no longer taking himself or his audience very seriously—that both have become too lenient? He comes near to burlesque in his portrayal of Voltaire, making the great satirist a slippered pantaloon whose irascibility is calculated to be comic, his humanitarianism compounded of sentimentality and senile rage, while the film-story shows Voltaire as Court intriguer, audaciously absurd, so that it is only the intervention of the Pompadour (constantly and irritatingly addressed as "Mad-*damm*") which saves him from the Bastille.

The plot concerns Voltaire's conflict with de Sarnac for the King's favour, each accusing the other of selling State secrets to Frederick of Prussia. Finally, Voltaire, by a trick, unmasks his enemy. A subsidiary interest is the procuring of Louis' favour for Nanette, whose father has been falsely accused and condemned to death by the machinations of de Sarnac, who has annexed the family fortune.

Margaret Lindsay fulfilled neither the claim to beauty nor talent made for her in *Cavalcade* and *The Eagle and the Hawk*, but she looks well and plays with charm as Nanette. Doris Kenyon is competent and duly decorative as Madame de Pompadour. Reginald Owen, in the difficult rôle of the vacillating Louis XV., is excellent. In appearance "every inch a King," he contrives to convey and to cover the weakness of the character with a grand manner and a good laugh.

"Sitting Pretty"

YET another film about the making of films, with Jack Oakie and Jack Hayley as partners in the music-and-lyrics business, which gives frequent opportunity for the interpolation of "song numbers" in the rehearsal-rooms of a music-publisher, in "the home," and in a Hollywood studio, while their struggles and shifts provide plenty of comic business.

Lively "Ginger" Rogers is the girl they both love, though Jack Oakie spends part of the film in the toils of a capricious blonde, played with just the right insipidity by beauteous Thelma Todd.

The humour and the sentiment are as light as the music, and Jack Hayley, as the faithful friend, is a good foil to Jack Oakie, who makes the rather graceless music merchant an irrepressible, likeable fellow whose head does not swell beyond the irreducible dimension.

Finally, "a Hundred Hollywood Honeys" are photographed from every possible angle in one of those undress-full-dress rehearsals, whirling, dancing, lying—doing everything except *sitting* pretty! The graceful and rhythmic use of feather fans, black one side and white the other, is effective and serves to hide the nakedness of the band.

Ginger Rogers and Jack Oakie gaily play their parts in "Sitting Pretty," with the "Hundred Hollywood Honeys" as background. This latest girls-and-music production from Hollywood has been showing at the Plaza

"Alice in Wonderland"

"'THE time has come,' the Walrus said, 'to talk of many things'"; but Hollywood was evidently not the place to do it. It is sad that so much effort and so many stars have failed to make this picture anything more than a series of experiments in camera stunts, and a collection of pantomime disguises which might just as well have hidden extras or unknown players, for they effectually obliterate the personalities of such players as Gary Cooper as the White Knight, Everard Horton as the Mad Hatter, Alison Skipworth as the Duchess, and so on. In spite of the very obvious intention to

Margaret Lindsay as Nanette, in "The Affairs of Voltaire"

reproduce the Tenniel conceptions, the make-ups have an extra ugliness which is macabre or grotesque but fails to capture the imaginative fantasy of Carroll's creatures.

The American accent is a disturbing factor in this indigenous fairy story, particularly in the case of Alice, conscientiously played by young Charlotte Henry, who, however, never for a moment suggests the Alice of our Wonderland. The film might well have been the most popular of all the holiday bookings, but ran, full-time, for only a few days. As part of the matinée programme, its life has been prolonged slightly.

"L'Ordonnance"

At the Rialto there is finely acted a French film founded on one of de Maupassant's stories, in which Marcelle Chantal, a great favourite with Parisian audiences, plays the chief part. She has been described as "like Diana Wynyard in the way she wears 1890 clothes beautifully—but more of a 'puss.'" The picture opens with its own tragic climax and then proceeds to reveal all that led up to it. . . . A lovely young woman, married to an elderly Colonel, has a love-affair with a junior officer. They are blackmailed by a villainous orderly, who exacts the most terrible price from the woman.

L'Ordonnance ends on a note of pure drama which has the authentic ring of de Maupassant's own irony.

GENERALLY RELEASED

"Paddy the Next Best Thing"

Sweetmeat made according to Gaynor fans' favourite recipe, with Warner Baxter's urbanity to flavour the sauce of sentiment. Janet Gaynor's attempt at an Irish brogue is not a pity but a thousand pities.

There was more of a Ruritanian-romance flavour about "The Affairs of Voltaire" than a historical film—even one from Hollywood—should allow itself. However, George Arliss's sly humour as Voltaire, Doris Kenyon's decorativeness as the Pompadour, and Margaret Lindsay's shy prettiness as Nanette were all part of a production that was excellent entertainment. The film was at the Regal last week

George Arliss as Voltaire

Doris Kenyon as La Pompadour

"The Woman I Stole"

Triangular drama in Moroccan oil-fields. Fay Wray falls between two couches. Jack Holt, in a characteristic rôle, subdues Arabs and escapes bullets, and the lady, in spite of increasing adiposity.

"I Loved a Woman"

Hard lines on Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis in a retrospective drama about tainted meat and morals.

"Orders is Orders"

The most amusing and swiftly-moving English farce yet accomplished, with the Americans, James Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood, at their funniest as film-producers running amok in English barracks.

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 32. Fred Astaire

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

FRED ASTAIRE, my favourite musical-comedy star, and doubtless yours, too, was born on May 10th, 1900, in Omaha, Nebraska. His real surname is not Astaire. Astaire is just a family name which he and Adèle took, as being more euphonious, when they first went on the stage. This they did when Fred was ten and Adèle was eleven—Fred in a tiny tail-coat—on the Orpheum circuit. That was in the West, where there was no age-limit for child actors. In the East, when they were fourteen, they had to pretend that they were sixteen, in order to get by the Gerry Commission. Their first number was "Spoon Time."

Their father was a brewer, and his Blue Ribbon beer was said to be the best in the United States. He has been dead for some years, but their mother, who is in London at the moment, is quite the most beautiful woman of her age that I know. What a pity that, with Prohibition repealed, they cannot cash in on the old family business again. But it is gone beyond recall.

IT was on the morning after the opening night of *Stop Flirting* in London that Fred (and Adèle) woke up to find themselves famous. After that they never looked back. To-day Fred is giving a better performance than ever in *Gay Divorce*, at the Palace, though I seem to detect an unconscious lonesomeness in his work, as though he were still expecting Adèle every minute to come in to do their famous jog-trot dance, which tore down the roof to the tune of "The Whichness of the Whatness."

For while marriage took Adèle from the stage, it did not take Fred. His wife is the former Mrs. Phyllis Potter. Fred is one of the nicest chaps I know, though they call him "Moaning Minnie" back-stage, because everything must be exactly right, especially for his intricate dancing. He always carries a tape-measure, so that all the furniture and other "props" on the stage are at exactly the proper distance every time. He also carries a tiny pepper-pot of powdered resin, which is scattered on the floor when he is going to dance. Watch him do it surreptitiously next time you see a show.

What I like about Fred are his loose clothes. He never tries to dress like Jack Buchanan or Roy Royston. He is completely unspoiled, like his sister, though, between them, they have more grand friends than the rest of the stage put together.

Debs of 1934

A New Year's Selection

Hay Wrightson

Miss Louise Domville

Miss Louise Domville is the younger daughter of the late Sir James Domville, and Kathleen, Lady Domville; her mother is to present her next season. She will be nineteen this year, and is a year younger than her "radiant redhead" sister, Miss Valerie Domville, who came out in 1932

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Vivianne Parker

Miss Vivianne Hamilton Parker is the daughter of the late Mr. Cecil Parker, of Walton Hall, Lancashire. Her mother, Lady Lever, is now the wife of Sir Tresham Lever. Miss Parker has been "out and about" a good deal, and is already known for her attractive looks. She also will be presented at Court next summer

Peter North

Miss Corisande Bellew

Above: Miss Corisande Bellew is the adopted daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. H. Bellew, and will do her first season this year. Captain Bellew is a nephew of Lord Bellew, and Mrs. Bellew is the daughter of the late Sir Henry Farnham Burke, Garter Principal King-at-Arms

Lenare

The Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller

Lord Churston's youngest sister, the Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller, who will be sixteen this year, is not a débutante, but another sister, the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller, who is eighteen, will be coming out this year; she has just left her finishing school in Germany

Right: another débutante of the year will be the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Miss Cherry Pinckard, who is seventeen. Her sister is the Hon. Mrs. Jock Leslie

Bassano

Miss Cherry Pinckard

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

K. W. Green
Bargain-hunting

STUPEFIED by Christmas and the New Year again taking place so absurdly near one another, horrified by the discovery that a Stock Exchange holiday occurred just when we intended to look round and see who was still about in the House, and what they were still like, and further shocked by having to hand in our "copy" sooner than we expected, we have only succeeded in focussing our bleary eyes on one or two things during the last few days.

ONE of these was K. W. Green, the subject of an illustration on this page, and a broker of vast stature, with feet to match. These—his feet—have given rise to the theory that he has mistaken his métier in life; what he should really be is a professor at Lord Trenchard's college for policemen. There has also been more than a whispered suggestion lately that he was responsible for the spoor found in a lonely cove on the Loch Ness coastline. However, we can vouch for the fact that Mr. Green is often to be seen moving quietly about the markets, taking quick turns on stock.

WE were sadly disappointed that Guy Puckle's great Christmas pantomime, which we understood had been postponed to New Year's Eve, never took place at all. It was to have taken the form of a hunt, with the Squire of Harlington as chief spectator. Unfortunately, the livestock—one of those Hank-the-Mule horses with two men inside, and some hounds—was not available; the proprietors had hired it out to a real pantomime instead, and were not prepared to risk their belongings inside the Stock Exchange for even one matinée performance. Perhaps they were right.

So the only excitement on the last working day of the Old Year was the letting-off of some very loud bomb-crackers. J. A. Ratcliff was the chief victim of the explosions; as he sat on a seat, his attention was distracted by

Brian Gibbs
"That's Christmas, That Was"
(With acknowledgments to the Shell advertisement)

a couple of confederates, while the chief plotter let off a cracker underneath him. He didn't seem to mind, though the shock must have been severe, and apparently suffered no casualties, but he wasn't to be seen in the House later in the day, so we hope there were no delayed-action ill-effects. Mr. Ratcliff, one of the most popular and good-natured dealers in the miscellaneous mining market, is generally known as "Blobs"; he got this nickname many years ago, because of his likeness to the then "Peter Blobs," of the *Sporting Times*.

BRIAN GIBBS seemed most grateful for our Christmas present to him; he evidently had it with him when he met "Jonk" last week, as the latter received a stream of water in his ear as he turned away. Mr. Gibbs was, of course, wearing a brand-new top-hat, having brought his usual sacrificial offering with him to the House on Christmas Eve.

TALKING of hats—we never can keep off that subject for long—readers may be surprised to see that in our portrait of Stanley Greenfield he is wearing a "straight" (i.e., non-decorated) head-covering. This is because, in the ordinary way, he is the victim of decoration, and not the originator of it, and, as we remarked many months ago, one of the best-tempered and longest-suffering victims in the world. But then he is a most cheerful and delightful person in every way, and as popular as he deserves to be. He is a very good shot, and has an excellent partridge shoot of his own.

ANOTHER Christmas re-echo:
As a crew of lusty carol-singers in the House finished a verse of "Christians, Awake!" one of the non-Aryan brokers with a sense of humour looked up and said: "Vell, ve are avake. Vat about it?"

APROPOS the well-known optimism of certain members in the House, a broker remarked to a jobber that what with one thing and another, he seriously thought it "looked like war."
"Not this account," replied the jobber, trying to smile cheerfully.

BROKER (to jobber): "What's going on? Anything?"
JOBBER: "You, I hope."

Stanley Greenfield
Minus decorations

Cannons of Hollywood

Mr. and Mrs. Antony Acton were married in the spring of 1932 at Lambeth Chapel. Mrs. Acton was Miss Joan Pearson, the only daughter of the late Hon. Francis Pearson and Mrs. Pearson, and a niece of the first Viscount Cowdray. She was twenty-one last year. She and her husband have a house in the country—Wolverton Hall, in Worcestershire—as well as a house in Eaton Square

The "Young Marrieds"

No. 1

Mr. and Mrs. Antony Acton

How they can dance, these Can-Can Girls! Their steps, are innumerable, their agility is amazing, their dash and spirit is pure Parisian. Not all the dances that the eager visitor can see at the Bal Tabarin in Paris are being performed by the troupe who are appearing in cabaret at the Savoy—after all, London is not Paris—but the dances that they do over here are all genuine Can-Can, and have been slowly evolved from the "bewildering abandon" of a hundred years ago to the highly technical and complicated dance of to-day

"Le French Can-Can"

As They Do It at the Bal Tabarin

Below is a "transformation scene" posed at the Bal Tabarin, in Paris, the centre of modern Can-Can dancing, whence came the troupe of dancers who are showing London how it's done. They are trained there in the tradition of La Goulue and Jane Avril, two of the most famous of the nineteenth-century dancers

Studio Piaz, Paris

"The Bystander" on the RIVIERA

Gossip from the Côte d'Azur

Sun—and Airing

Lord and Lady Reading are two of the wise ones who have gone to Monte Carlo to remind themselves what sunshine is like

What's in the Wind?

Lord Rothermere and Sir George Sutton, managing director of Associated Newspapers, walking on the terraces at Monte Carlo, and very obviously discussing the most serious Affairs of State

Sir Walter and Lady de Frece and their party for the Christmas gala night at the International Sporting Club at Monte Carlo

CAPTAIN LUCAS was there with his two-day-old bride, formerly Lady Kekewich, who was covered in pearls and becoming, confusion, while Mme. Dubonnet, better known as Jean Nash, was wearing one of the most striking of many beautiful gowns, and Phillips Oppenheim, full of Christmas cheer, was taking fiendish delight in thoroughly confusing the croupiers by his

THE Riviera has awakened, and the Christmas and New season has been a elation. Until a few s ago, the only cheerful desman in Cannes was small grocer who won million francs in the nch lottery, but now re is a smile on every ce, from the small store-eper to the beautiful, if mewhat distant, young ladies in Worth nd Molyneux. Some magician appears to ve waved his wand, and with a hoop-là! ll is a blaze of festivity.

Old Cannites stroll into the Casino Municipal with a dazed expression on their ces, to find beautifully redecorated rooms, with roulette in full swing, a jolly good game of baccarat, "chemmy" tables going gay, and darned good drinks at the bar, which we can enjoy at prices we can at last afford without enquiring bitterly if the barman is included. We partook of a real Lucullian dinner on Christmas Eve, with a good cabaret show thrown in. Everyone one expected to see was there, which, as a friend said, "was a bit of a marvel, as Monte Carlo was throwing a top-side beano that same night."

ALTOGETHER the metamorphosis of the latterly very triste Cannes Casino into a bright and amusing spot is complete, while it is a distinctly pleasant shock to realise that 250 francs makes one a member of the gambling-rooms for the season, while another 100 francs includes admittance to the salle privée, a delightful new room with its own bar, gambling tables, and separate entrance. Also there is a certain feeling of sport in playing roulette in France for the first time; even the croupiers aren't quite acclimatised, and, with the exception of the victim, an entire table derived very considerable amusement when the ball jumped out of the wheel and struck an elderly and somewhat irate gambler sharply on the nose.

complicated form of betting; I also noticed Princess Ghika, the Prince of Kutch, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Koo, Sir Hesketh Bell, and Comtesse de' la Salle.

MONTE CARLO, however, has no intention of seeing her popularity wane just because roulette is allowed in France. On the first day it was played in Cannes, Monte Carlo dispensed with the cagnotte which, in the long run, nearly always swallows your winnings at baccarat and chemin de fer. An astute move, and one that is attracting many people to her very beautiful Sporting Club, which opened with grand éclat on Christmas Eve. One of the gayest parties was that given by Sir Walter and Lady de Frece, which included Lord Michelham, Baroness Orczy, and Sir Alfred and Lady Butt. Another most popular host and hostess were Comte and Comtesse de Bourbel, while the Evelyn Fitzgeralds were an outstanding couple. The Hotel de Paris hasn't a room to spare—among the guests are Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Sir George Sutton, Sir Archibald and Lady Mitchelson, and Sir Charles and Lady Pulley; while the ever-popular M. Schenk, of the Metropole, is doing a roaring trade.

THE Nice Golf Club is having its full quota of visitors, and from what I saw of the golf on Boxing Day everyone had made whoopee most satisfactorily the night before; at 11 a.m. one prominent member was snoring heartily in the sunshine, in imminent danger of losing vast quantities of gloves. The High Commissioner for Australia was playing, and many couples were out practising for THE BYSTANDER Cup, which begins in a few days' time. The entries have surpassed expectations, and the fight for the Mixed Foursomes Cup will engage the attention of well over twenty couples. My opponent had spent her Christmas up at Vence, home of the late D. H. Lawrence. This small and most picturesque town of Vence is, however, acquiring other attributes to fame, the principal being the excellence of the Rendezvous bar where these Christmas festivities took place; while the name of one of its frequenters is being bandied from mouth to mouth. This lady is of uncertain age, but of no uncertain proportions, and for some obscure reason she chose to turn up in Edwardian cycling costume—the bloomers of which were somewhat inadequate—topped by a Nellie Wallace hat. When the brandy had circulated freely, she started to tell the story of her girlish life and chequered career, upon which the lights were lowered as well as the drinks—and I don't know what else.

THE stage has been well represented down here this year. On one of our few wet days the most dejected couple of comedians I have ever seen were Laddie Cliff and that india-rubber ball of fun, Stanley Lupino. However, with the aid of the Carlton bar and the Nowell Downes', the morning became distinctly wetter but considerably more cheerful. Ralph Lynn and his wife were at the big baccarat table at Monte Carlo recently, but the centre of attraction there was certainly Sir Alfred Butt. I have never seen a more emotionless gambler. He even took the bank for a while, a thing seldom done nowadays by an amateur, and when playing later he put up 150,000 francs for one bet without the flicker of an eyelid, a thrill of real excitement ran round the table.

D

Westminster Whispers : Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

TO-DAY this page shall be dedicated to the Post Office, coupled with the name of our newest Cabinet Minister, the Right Honourable Sir Kingsley Wood. I wonder how many people, as they push their letters through the post-boxes, will remember that January 10th is the birthday of the penny post? And those that do remember—will they be full of gratitude or full of resentment? Anyhow, many happy returns.

SIR KINGSLEY will remember the anniversary all right. He will lift up his thoughts to the Hill whence cometh his hope. Can he do it? Will he be able to loosen Mr. Chamberlain's grip? If Sir Kingsley puts the red stamp on our letters again, he will be the most successful P.M.G. since Sir Rowland's day.

AFTER two years of hustle and publicity, he was given a Christmas present—a seat in the Cabinet. Two years at the Post Office, in these days, is almost a record. It is a blessing for us that Sir Kingsley wasn't given some other promotion. He is the one man who may take the sting out of stick.

SIR ROWLAND HILL was rewarded handsomely by his grateful countrymen—a knighthood and £20,000, a pension of £2000 a year, and, to end up with, a tomb in Westminster Abbey. The knighthood Sir Kingsley has already. The tomb he doubtless would be content for us to keep for him. The cash he will pass by. The £20,000 and the pension were the finis to his predecessor's career. Sir Kingsley is just getting under way. For a time he was thought of as one thinks of Mr. Herbert Williams—ebullient, effervescent, exhaustive. He infuriated his opponents without particularly exhilarating his supporters. Then he went to the Ministry of Health; Mr. Chamberlain taught him a thing or two. The Post Office gave him his chance. His Cabinet rank will give him another.

THERE is an Assistant Postmaster-General, Sir Ernest Bennett, one of Mr. MacDonald's National Labourites, one of the lucky thirteen. There is also Sir E. T. Campbell—Sir Edward, to be correct, but it takes some time to get used to these metamorphoses. He is Sir Kingsley Wood's Parliamentary Private Secretary. He is never out of the picture. As a side-line he is one of the Government's spare men in the Indian team; moreover, he plays with a commendably straight bat; one day, if I am not mistaken, he will knock up a score for himself.

UNDER-SECRETARIES either soar or sink; very few swim. Some, of course, come quickly up-stream and slip by unobserved, though that is very rare. One or two, I am sure, are just anchored—Sir Phillip Sassoon, Mr. J. C. C. Davidson. But it would startle a good many people to know there is a gentleman called Lord Rochester in His Majesty's Government; and another called the Earl of Plymouth.

I DO not think they have much to do at their respective offices in Westminster. Why not send them forth into the country? While the big guns boom away later in this month in the National Government's stock-raising campaign, let some of these little fellows be given a target to loose off at in the smaller towns. The Whips, too. If they mayn't speak in the House, let them speak outside it. What about Sir Victor Warrender for Clydeside? Or Lord Erskine for the Tyne? They would enjoy themselves. It would be a change from Lincolnshire and Weston-super-Mare.

MR. BOOTHBY will speak the truth, and it upsets me, because I feel he despoils his own chances of success thereby. This time it is the Government's purchase of the fourth-century Bible that has provoked him. He could spend £50,000 better than that, he says. The only pity is that he is not in the right position to do it. If I thought it would help him on, I would eat a herring for breakfast every day. He has brains, courage, perseverance; if only he had Mr. Baldwin's ear as well!

THAT astute man has gone to ground—in Worcestershire, I suppose. No flying or dashing about in sleepers booked in disguised names for him. He just goes quietly on as plain Mr. Baldwin, and gets away with it every time. The Prime Minister has taken the direction of the Government's publicity into his own hands. There is no one more knowledgeable. He has put himself out, too, to do what he personally can. He allows himself to be photographed at Christmas fondling his favourite dog. Such a happy picture!

THEN he has made a film; in fact, two films. His figure was wrong in the first shoot. Sir John Simon has been the Government's leading film-star to date. It is a fight now between him and Mr. MacDonald as keen as the Greta Garbo-Mae West rivalry. In the meantime, Lord Lloyd is still a drawing power, particularly at meal-times; and Messrs. Maxton and McGovern are off to appeal to an Irish public. There is a galaxy of variety to choose from.

The National Government's Stock-Raising Campaign

Cabinet Ministers will be speaking at important centres in the country in order to make clear to the electors the advantages of a National Government, and the picture above shows some of the big gunners of the Ministry who are expected to help in this popularity campaign. Reading from left to right, they are, the Prime Minister, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Mr. Walter Runciman, and Sir Samuel Hoare

First-Night Faces

At "Reunion in Vienna"

"Reunion in Vienna," at the Lyric, gave the regular first-nighters their first important outing since Christmas. In the photograph above are Sir Neville and Lady Pearson, Miss Joan Buckmaster, and Mr. John Buckmaster arriving at the theatre

Miss Penelope Dudley Ward

Mr. Rollo Hoare, Lady Plunket and Lady Ashley

Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince of Wales's Secretary, and Lady Thomas

The Hon. Sheila Berry, Lord Camrose's daughter

Mrs. Herbert Marshall (Edna Best)

Mr. Beverley Nichols and Lady Juliet Duff

The Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven

SNOW!

And Some People Who Like It For Ski-ing On At St. Moritz

Snow Solo

Mrs. Edward Compton doing a morning ski-practice. She and her husband and their daughter and twin sons have deserted Yorkshire for Switzerland for the holidays; they are staying at Suvretta House

Snow Duo

Miss Tunie Karri-Davies, lately one of "Les Debs," and Mr. Rodney Soher had just run down from Corviglia to watch the novices' race at Suvretta House

Left: Mr. Hugh Leveson-Gower and Averil, Princess Imeretinsky, whose engagement was announced last week, are both good ski-ers, and have been out at St. Moritz. Princess Imeretinsky is Sir John Mullens' daughter

Engaged Couple

Snow Strolling

Mrs. Somerset Maugham walking lunchwards with her daughter, Miss Lisa Maugham, who had been out taking her ski-ing exercise

Snow Boots

Mr. C. E. G. Campbell Emmott, M.P., walked up to Corviglia instead of taking the funicular. This is not a new fashion, but only his whim—so are his boots

Snow Smile

Miss Irene Mann-Thompson is another of the St. Moritz contingent who would like the sun to come out; they have got snow and plenty out there now

Looking at London . . .

. . . To See Who Does What, and Where

Swaebe

They Sup at the Café de Paris

Mr. Algy Dawson and Miss Daphne Wedekind were spending that part of the evening when supper is important, on the balcony at the Café de Paris

They Skate at Millbank

The Ice Club at Millbank is one of London's most fashionable winter-sports resorts, morning, noon, and night as well. Lord Dunmore was skating there and Kathleen, Lady Domville, was watching

They Get Married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Mr. Leith Ingham Whitaker, the Rifle Brigade, son of the late Mr. A. Ingham Whitaker, and Mrs. Ingham Whitaker, and Miss Myrtle Van de Weyer, the eldest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer, after their wedding last week

They Go to First Nights

Especially to first nights of the "Reunion in Vienna" calibre. At the top are Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares, and below are Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Philip Le Gros and Miss Dorothy Dickson, all at the Lyric Theatre

They say every picture tells a story, but it's probably as well this one doesn't repeat the tale word for word; as four of the group are Mrs. Colin Buist, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Lord Hillingdon, and the Hon. Dennis Fortescue, it might have been something to do with hunting

Sir Robert Throckmorton was looking quite h Harcke were having supper together at D.A is one of those celebrated beauties, "Les Girls,"

• Going • Out • to • Goings-On

"The Bystander" in Society

SOMEWHAT sighing with relief do we recall that "Happy-New-Yearing" each other is over for the next twelve months. The Christmas-cards should have all been taken down on Saturday, being Twelfth Night: the more cunning amongst us make a careful list of those to whom *cards* should be sent nice and early for next Christmas, in the hopes of a good fat *present* coming in return. Rather gladly, too, do we recall that the "celebrating" season is enjoying a temporary lull after its burst of activity last week.

BY Jove! Those tomboys and tomgirls at Melton all had a topping jolly. Let your Aunt Cissie tell you the fun that it was. "My dears," she writes, "all Leicestershire was represented at the Old Year Fancy Dress Hunt Ball at Craven Lodge. It was the gayest party of the season, starting off with smart dinner-parties at the various hunting boxes, and finishing in the small hours of the morning. You should have seen the tall, good-looking Marquess of Blandford as a Highland Laddie! And in his boyish way he insisted that he was Hitler's gamekeeper. Wasn't that *too* funny? And the popular Master of the Belvoir literally *shambled* into the room as the Loch Ness Monster. You should have heard the delighted shrieks of joy from those charming "Baby Girls," Lady Priscilla Willoughby, Mrs. Edward Greenall, and Mrs. Julien Lezard. All so naïve, you see—that's the charm of hunting folk, I think. But you must be in the *set*—they're *so* exclusive that they only unbend to each other. Would they romp with a stranger? Never, my dear. I loved Mrs. Colin Buist's snappy shorts, Lord Kimberley was a topping "Old Salt," and Lady Fortescue a monk. And the John Vaughans, who run Craven Lodge, were *too* sporting when some of the naughty boys looked like breaking up the furniture. . . ."

OF course, after this romp and frolic, the Chelsea Arts Ball will seem as tame as a vicarage tea-party. The Prince of Wales took a box for it, but did not attend. In the Royal Box I noted the figure of Mr. Edward Wills, who was determined to assist the police in their duties, having come as an inspector. He had as subordinates Mr. Ivor Guest, Mr. Drogo Montagu, and the Thursby brothers, Peter and Jack. Everybody much admired Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes, who went to the Ball as a sardine. Vraiment une femme fatale! Her younger sister, June, is engaged to M. Christian Dufaur—they stayed with Mr. Bobbie Loewenstein for that Melton hop. There was not nearly so much rowdiness as usual at the Albert Hall, the students seemed determined not to let the procession be broken up. One man went as a gold statue—the gold came off whenever anyone touched him, which was fairly often.

IT was left to Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt to bring out the regular first-nighters to the Lyric Theatre, in *Reunion in Vienna*. Their acting together is excellent, and they are sure to have a big success. In the audience were Sir Alfred Beit, Lady Diana Abdy, Romney Brent (who is to act with Yvonne Printemps in Noel Coward's new play), Lady Colefax, Lady Portarlington, and Gladys Cooper, with her daughter, Miss Joan Buckmaster, whose father is wandering Australia-wards from South Africa. "Buck" has written to several of his friends since his departure on a cargo-steamer two months ago. The famous green ink which characterises his letters is only used on the envelopes, for his supply of this ink is now running out. Writing from Beira, he says: "This Beira is a terrible place: heat unbelievable. I feel sure the only reason white people live here is because they haven't the money to get away. There are hippo flies that can sting through a sea-boot. What a place to have to live in! Yet it has improved out of all recognition, they say, in the last few years—no golfer has met a lion on the golf-course for four years."

THAT wonderful discriminator between the social sheep and goats, Viscount Churchill, is dead. One wonders who will take his place in command of the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, for he performed his annual conjuring trick with real brilliance, rarely giving offence. He could deliver a rebuke in the most tactful fashion. Once, when he had to ask a lady, whose dress had displeased certain great personages, to leave the Enclosure or hide the dress under a coat, he gave the command so charmingly that the lady in question thought she had been paid a great compliment. She almost purred when he suggested that her scanty dress was positively

Swaebe

is nickname when he and Miss Marion This was not surprising, for Miss Harcke unfortunately to sail back to New York

Mr. John Steel and the Hon. Mrs. Barran went to L'Apéritif one evening last week. It's the newest and most gourmet of the eating-houses of the West End, having opened just before Christmas, and permitting its patrons no flighty music to distract their attention from the speciality fish dishes

...l to the many susceptible young ... around her.

I HAVE been sent the following, with ... Clifford Whitley's compliments: ... new company of twenty-five ...sts, comprising the 'New York ...night Follies of 1934,' which has been ...ially got together and consists of ... of the prettiest girls from all over ...rica, sailed from New York on the ... Champlain, and arrived in London ... Saturday, 6th. The present com... ...y of 'Les Girls' will sail back to ...rica immediately after the con... ...ion of the present show, having ... nearly six months in Europe." ... Evelyn Crowell tells me she will be ... here in March, and Virgil Dodd ... she is to be married here on ... 20th.

THE Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, was full of congratulations to Princess ...eretinsky and Captain Hugh Leveson-Gower on their engagement. They are both expert ski-ers—she runs a flower-shop in London, and he did very well in the Near East, being the British officer who rescued the Sultan of Turkey from his palace when it was surrounded. Then he exchanged his military career—he was a Gunner—for a commercial one.

MRS. CLAUDE BEDDINGTON is once again ensconced in her Hampstead home, for she is to hold a series of at-homes. As she says: "These are house-warmings to celebrate the enlargement of the 'Cinque-cento' big room, which will be wonderful—though I say it!" "Mother B.," as she is always known, has a clever knack of collecting her "chickens" around her and making them do their tricks.

FROM "A Gourmet's Year," the diary issued annually by the Trocadero Restaurant, one can find quite a number of suitable quotations about food or drink—there is one for every day of the year.

Horace says—

"Choose eggs oblong,
Remember they 'll be found
Of sweeter taste and whiter than the round."

Lord Blandford, please note.

Martin Hare says—

"Any man who wishes to be successful with women should remember this business of tea." And of Cartier's, too, judging by the numbers of "charm" bracelets which I see upon the wrists of the beautiful.

SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, of Hyde Hall, did the third hole at Bishop's Stortford in one! He is President of the Club, so he set a good example. Mr. "Jim" Lawrence was so surprised and pleased that he rang up all his friends, and sent a most expensive cable to his sister, Gipsy, who is out in Italy.

MR. PEEPS

Mr. and Mrs. J. Escombe were another pair of diners at L'Apéritif last week; Mr. Escombe is coaching the Cambridge crew for the Boat Race this year

Miss Heather Thatcher and Mrs. Holway having a conversational dinner at L'Apéritif: the atmospheric conditions there are just as well toned for talking as for eating

MEXICAN OR CUBAN ?

Lupe Velez

Marianna

CHILDREN IN UNIFORM

Raymond Massey

Doubles or Singles?

And If It Isn't the One It's the Other

• Lupe Velez, the stormy Mexican, played in "The Storm" and "Resurrection," and is one of Johnny Weismuller's rumoured prospective wives. • Marianna, best known for rumba-dancing, has made films, too; her likeness to Lupe Velez was noticed then. • Conchita Montenegro is an M.-G.-M. player who, photographically, is oddly like • Annabella, the French film-star, who appears in "Quatorze Juillet." • Raymond Massey and • Conrad Veidt owe their "doubled" appearance here mainly to their eyeglasses and uniforms

WE COULD N'T BE WONG

Anna May Wong

IS SHE, OR IS SHE ?

Conchita Montenegro

Annabella

V STANDS FOR S.A.

Conrad Veidt

Rudolph Valentino

Paul Vincenti

• *Paul Vincenti, Hungarian, owes his first job in Hollywood to his likeness to* • *Rudolph Valentino; Vincenti has since made good on his own account.* • *Anna May Wong has been doing a season "on the halls" and in cabaret in England.* • *Greta Venn, her "twin," appears in "The Flaw," a Paramount picture due for release shortly.* • *Pola Negri is still laying siege to the "talkie" citadel; so far her voice has reproduced so badly that she hasn't won even the outworks yet.* • *Geneva Mitchell, suggested double for Pola Negri, is a free-lance Paramount player, and last appeared in England in "Her Wedding Night," which starred Clara Bow*

Greta Venn

IT'S NOT JUST THE CLOTHES, EITHER

Pola Negri

Geneva Mitchell

A LOT OF PEOPLE GO OUT HUNTING

(1) Mr. Tony Dewhurst and Lady Daresbury at the Quorn meet at Langar

(2) On New Year's Day, the Quorn met at Ab-Kettleby and had a good day's sport: Miss Gillett, Mrs. Richard Gooch and Mr. Garner were at the meet

(3) Lady Cynthia North and Mr. Max Williams moving off with the East Kent, from Waldershare Park, the Earl of Guilford's place near Dover. Lady Cynthia North is Lord Guilford's daughter

(4) Major Payne-Gallwey and Miss Payne-Gallwey mounted and ready to move off from the Quorn meet at Langar. Scent was very moderate, but the day produced one fairly good hunt, but no kill

(5) Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. P. Dunn, Major Carlos Clarke and the Comtesse de Pret-Roose at Farnborough Hall, Mr. Ronald Holbech's place, where the Warwickshire met last week

(6) Miss Marjorie Sc... to her cousin, L... of the Earl of Dalkeith ... Sir Walter Maxwell-Sc...

ROUND

OTHERS GO TO SWITZERLAND TO SKI

(7) Dr. Elliott, the new Headmaster of Eton, has been staying at St. Moritz and doing a brief winter-sports season

ABOUT

(8) The Comtesse de Vogué and Princess Aspasia of Greece are two more ski-ers who are at St. Moritz; they are both staying at Suvretta House

QUITE A FEW GO TO COCKTAIL-PARTIES

(9) In the group at the cocktail-party given by Mr. Felix Felton and Mr. Michael Scott, in connection with the O.U.D.S. Ball to-night, were Mr. Giles Isham, Miss Hermione Baddeley, Mr. Michael Scott, Miss Margaretta Scott, Mr. Val Gielgud, Mr. Felix Felton, President of the O.U.D.S., Miss Diana Churchill, Col. Thwaites, Mr. Greenough, Mr. Keith Thomson

(10) Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, the famous artist, and his wife at the Garden House, Bray

A New Year Knight

Lord George Scott's youngest daughter, talking Elizabeth Scott, the twelve-year-old daughter the annual Buccleuch meet at Abbotsford, where descendant of the great novelist, lives

Bassano

(11) Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who received his knighthood in the New Year's Honours, was photographed with his wife, Helena Pickard, and his small son, Edward, at his house in Chester Place. The new actor-knight is playing in "The Late Christopher Bean," one the most successful plays of the year, at St. James's

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Very Brilliant Reunion

"Reunion in Vienna" (Lyric)

EVEN the very title of this piece seems infected with the popping of champagne-corks and the heavy, emotional wailing of violins throbbing out the *"Merry Widow"* waltz. You 've only to close one eye to see the gay uniforms ablaze with medals, the chestnuts in flower, an amorous moon coquetting with a Danube so blue . . .

Pardon me, Miss Fontanne, but I 'm afraid my sense of glamour, joie de vivre, or however you spell it, has cut adrift from its usual decorous moorings. I know quite well that, as a play title, *Reunion in Vienna* might very well convey post-war politics, with never a hint of intoxicated romance. With never a thought of a banished Hapsburg Princeling (family failings—sentiment and epilepsy) forsaking his taxi in Nice for one crowded night of pre-revolution whoopee in his old haunts with his old mistress. I know all that, but the spice, the gaiety, the enchantment of this naughty, witty, delirious comedy is still upon me, and, believe me, a mere twenty-four hours is not enough to shake off the combined spells of Robert E. Sherwood, Alfred Lunt, and Lynn Fontanne.

If you don't remember *The Road to Rome*, and judge Mr. Sherwood's capacity for excitement only by *Acropolis*, that artistic failure on the grand scale, I don't expect you to hand me out the smallest dollop of sympathy. But I do count on your understanding in the matter of Lunt and Fontanne. I 'm never certain which one is American by birth and English at heart, or vice versa, but you can mug up all that from the programme. I only know that, whereas the Guitrys fill me with a lively but awed reverence, my French being what it isn't, and the Bests with a solid, patriotic glow, Mr. Lunt and his wife go straight to my head, like two bottles of Bollinger on an empty stomach.

In this befuddled state I find it easy to waltz Merry Widowishly round this comedy, without any serious attempt to grapple with its exhilarating subtleties. How can a sober outline of the story convey, for instance, the brilliant crescendo of the second act? The Hotel Lucher is agog with the reunion dinner. The youngest waiter is lit by the after-glow of an extinct Imperial splendour. Only the hostess, Frau Lucher, with her cigar (a racy, tyrannical portrait, this, by Bertha Belmore), keeps the shabby aristocrats in hard perspective with the new régime. The Emperor's garlanded

portrait looks down on a faded, serio-comic Ruritanian scene. Then the Prince arrives from his exile, arrogant, dashing, crazy, irresistible, bursting in like a hurricane, before whose path caviare and champagne appear like magic. With the arrival of Elena Krug, the shabby Counts and Generals fade into nothingness and the party becomes a gay duet. The Prince greets his old mistress with a slap on the cheek and a kiss on the lips. There is a divan handy, a Tzigane fiddler to play the old tunes, first one, then another, as memory stirs the pulse of conquest and surrender, and, beyond these delectable preludes, the door to the Imperial bedroom. Did ever a seduction scene end in such gossamer devilment as this—waltzing into the passionate past to the crescendo of a Viennese waltz?

DON'T let the abandon of this second Act blind your perception to the deliberate tempo of the first. This quiet, rather obscure, beginning is justified by the tremendous speed of its successor and the psychological problem, as well as the suspense, of the third. Confronted by a thwarted, pugnacious, and devil-may-care lover, Elena's husband, the eminent psychiatrist, Herr Krug, is in as pretty a dilemma as ever confronted a doctor.

Psycho-analytical theories, such as laying the shadow of old ghosts by tasting again of their substance, are all very well in eight-volume treatises, but vis-à-vis an adversary armed with a brandy bottle and a wife disarmed of her dress, the scientific attitude drops its hooey and prepares for a combat of fists.

The suspense of the duel, its lightning rallies of point and counterpoint, its impertinences, mockery and two-sided juggling with our sympathies make the last Act a tour de force of high comedy, in which virtue and its opposite lose the game and yet score a victory.

To mention the highly-strung playing of Cecil Parker as the Doctor, Clive Currie's amusing study of Krug senior, who is sent to bed at the first sign of domestic excitement, and George Zucco's touching portrait of down-at-heel Baronial loyalty in the same breath with the Lunts is a handsome tribute to the home forces. About the Lunts themselves I can only say, with the fumes of intoxication still heavy about me, that I don't speak Hungarian or sing it. I have a feeling one shouldn't hand them out a bouquet in any other language.

TRINCULO.

"Reunion in Vienna"

All ready for the brawl! Elena Krug (Lynn Fontanne) gleefully anticipates a fracas between her former lover, Rudolf Maximilian von Hapsburg (seen on the left), and her husband, Dr. Krug (Cecil Parker). On the right, Frau Lucher (Bertha Belmore), a piece of old Vienna, complete with cigar, and an unsatisfied wireless enthusiast (Clive Currie)

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Fred Robbrison

A Recent Appointment

Mr. Terence Walter Mansergh, one of the finest all-round athletes that Marlborough has ever produced, who captained Cambridge and England at hockey, has lately been appointed Headmaster of Hilton College, Natal

ONE of the best bits of news that has come my way recently is the fact that a resolution to alter the l.b.w. rule in cricket will be submitted to the M.C.C. authorities. I may be fanatical on this point, but I put down almost every evil in modern cricket to the rule which allows a batsman to defeat the legitimate wiles of the bowler by covering his stumps with his pads.

The use of the pads as a second line of defence is entirely pernicious, to my way of thinking. Pad play and doped wickets, between them, are destroying the arts of batsmanship and bowling, and reducing cricket to a dreary farce. The present l.b.w. rule is directly responsible, it seems to me, for the body-line bowling controversy: when a bowler cannot even see the wickets he is attacking, he is bound to try to develop some new method of forcing the batsman to make mistakes.

WHAT right has a batsman to rob a bowler of his triumph by using his pads when the ball has beaten the bat? None whatever. When the pads were first used as a second line of defence many, many years ago, the great players of the time spoke of it bitterly as a shabby trick. So, indeed, it was, and somewhere about 1905—I forget the exact date—the M.C.C. appointed a committee to enquire into the growing practice of pad-play. What is more, the committee, after much enquiry, roundly condemned it, but no action was taken.

IT is pathetic nowadays to see even schoolboys moving the right leg across their stumps when they leave the ball outside the off-stump alone, simply to safeguard themselves against the unexpected break. A batsman should be out if he prevents the ball from hitting his stumps with anything but his bat, and though such a ruling would place a heavy responsibility upon the umpires, it is a responsibility which they would be fully capable of undertaking.

A REVISION of the l.b.w. law, even if it merely refers to balls pitching off the wicket on the off-side, would greatly

Lawn Tennis in Australia

H. Hopman (Australia) is on the left, and F. J. Perry (Great Britain) on the right, going on to court at Rushcutter's Bay, Sydney, accompanied by Sir Henry Braddon, in the first of the five lawn-tennis tests which have resulted in a win for the home team

Eager!

A kill by the Oakenclough Beagles, after an exciting hunt in the Wrea Green district. There are fifteen couples in the pack

Sport in Switzerland

The winter sports are in full swing in Switzerland, and the first Ice Hockey Tournament of the season took place at the Ice Stadium, St. Moritz, when Queen's Club (London) beat St. Moritz by 5—3. The photograph shows the home team scoring the second goal

A Meet at Abbotsford

Colonel Pigot Moodie (right), General Sir Walter Maxwell Scott (left), and the Master, the Earl of Dalkeith (wearing jockey cap), at the meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds

Racing at Newbury

Well over the water in the Wilts Steeplechase at Newbury, the race won by Mrs. J. M. Gosden's Saucy Boy (G. Hardy up) at 11 to 8 against

A Meet on the Beach

The Staitondale Hunt, which met at Peasholme Gap, North Bay, Scarborough, on New Year's Day, moving off along the sands to draw at Sealby Mills

Teaching the Young Idea at Coombe Hill

Pamela Barton and Mervyn Barton, the sisters who won the "Bystander" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh last autumn, receiving tuition from Archie Compston

encourage the bowlers, and if to this were added the instruction that pitches, as far as possible within reason, were to be left in their natural state, we should hear no more of the decline in popularity of county cricket. Batsmanship would of necessity gain in virility and enterprise, and bowling would once more be a justly rewarded art.

THE great batsman, moreover, would adapt himself to the conditions, and be a great batsman still, though averages might drop from their phenomenal levels. Incidentally, how magnificently Don Bradman appears to be playing just now: and how we shall flock to see him next summer! I note that H. P. Ward, the old Oxford wicket-keeper, has been making runs against the M.C.C. in India. Ward—better known, perhaps, as "Pullet"—was always the man for a crisis; hardly an impressively safe player, but many 's the time I 've known him pull

(Continued on page ii)

Captain Dudley Norton and Miss Mary Collins seeing the racing calendar Old Year out in mackintosh-weather at Newbury

Colonel Forrestier-Walker, Mr. N. S. Lawrence and Miss V. Fuller were at the last race meeting of 1933, run over the Newbury jumps and hurdles

Miss Walcott and Miss Redcliffe at the Newbury Old Year steeplechase meeting, the ninth engagement of 1933 over this course

A Racing Reverie

Brave Men

By "Regular"

EVERYTHING that has happened since the close of the flat-racing season paled into insignificance beside Billy Stott's hat-trick at Wolverhampton. All the world loves a brave man, but even where a hero like Billy Stott is concerned, there are people who are ever ready to invent stories derogatory to his well-being.

"HE 's finished, and will never ride again," were just two of the nice things his well-wishers were saying about him, and with any ordinary man they might well have been true, but as I have frequently told you before, Billy Stott is NOT an ordinary man.

IT will ever be a matter for regret to me that I was not at Wolverhampton to see him do it, and add my humble cheer to the tumult of applause which greeted his wonderful performance. I happened, though, to be backing losers at Kempton at the time, and as has been remarked before now, with every truth, "one can't be in two places at once."

I WAS particularly pleased that the trainers concerned in Billy's great feat were the brothers Frank and Harry Brown, themselves two of the greatest plucked 'uns of all time.

BEFORE a ghastly accident put an end to his activities in the saddle, Frank was as good a steeplechase jockey as there was riding, while Harry's successes are recent enough for us all to remember them.

ONE year Harry Brown headed the list of winning jockeys, but the performance of his which will be talked about long after you and I are gone and forgotten was when he finished third in the Grand National on The Bore, having broken his collar-bone, and also the reins, a couple of fences from home.

ANYONE who gets up and rides a doubtful jumper over a stiff country is something of a hero in my eyes, so it is perhaps a trifle invidious to say that any particular individuals are braver than any other ones.

NEVERTHELESS, if I had to pick out two men to take my hat off to, I should select Harry Brown, for completing the National course with no reins and a broken collar-bone, and Billy Stott, for continuing to ride as well as ever after a series of accidents which would have killed nine men out of ten.

CHELTENHAM will be remembered by reason of the intense cold, and for the magnificent performance of Reynoldstown, who trotted up in the long-distance hurdle race under the big weight of 12 stone 7 lb.

IN Reynoldstown the Furlongs, père et fils, own what is, to my mind, the best long-distance hurdler we have seen for years, and when his attention is turned to jumping a country, as it undoubtedly will be in course of time, he may be even better still. The Furlongs are the kind of people who can only do good to racing, and it is splendid to see them in the possession of such a smashing good horse.

THE whole racing community was plunged into gloom at Manchester by the fatal accident to poor Keogh, one of the best of good fellows, and a most conscientious and hard-working jockey.

THE life of a steeplechase jockey is one fraught with danger, and the reward, even to the most successful, is very slight compared with the princely income of a leading flat-race jockey. I know of no men who take bigger risks and have to work harder to earn their living than the steeplechase jockeys.

MRS. RANK is so universally popular that it will give general satisfaction that she should be the owner of a really high-class 'chaser. In the French-bred Le Fortium, the winner of the Victory 'Chase, she has a real top-notcher. Fawcus, who rode him, declared that he had never ridden an easier winner, and that he had all the opposition stone cold a mile from home.

THE jumping crowd are wonderfully philosophical in the face of adversity. I happened to meet a number of them a few minutes after we had been told that Worcester Races had been postponed, on account of fog, and from their good cheer and the quick succession of rounds, one would have imagined that they were celebrating some victory, instead of lamenting over another wasted day which would cost them a lot of money.

THE skies would have to be very grey to upset Mrs. Aldridge, and a dense fog is nothing in her life, even though it may have cost her Paddy M'Ginty a victory. With her is our cheeriest Regulass, Mrs. Max Barthropp, while a tall and handsome baronet and an even taller lady of title are near at hand.

TOM RAYSON is rather worried, as he thinks he 's lost a couple of horses in the fog, but Jack Anthony appears quite unperturbed, and the hostelry realises that it is a dense fog that does nobody any good as he orders a battalion of cherry brandy for his fog-bound friends.

THE room echoes with "Mates" and "You 're telling me," and "The same again," and one realises that nothing short of an earthquake would upset the jumpers.

Make Your TODDY with

DEWAR'S

THE FAMOUS "White Label" FENDS OFF THE 'FLU'

Re-echoes from the West

The South and West Wilts Hunt Ball

"The Plain" being situate in Wiltshire, all local dances have their quota of military men. Colonel Brownlow and Captain Currie, with whom Miss Peters is sitting out, are two of them

Right: Captain B. A. Goddard and Mrs. Greig were at the South and West Wilts Hunt Ball, held at Clouds, East Knoyle, Mr. Richard Wyndham's Wiltshire place

Miss Huntley Spencer and Mr. Nuttall were partners for a dance on the programme of the Hunt Ball

Captain R. Yeo and Miss R. H[illegible] found themselves an exclusive sort [illegible] sitting-out place, and, judging by the open window, a bravely cool one

The Hon. Mrs. Morrison, who is with Mr. Egerton, is Lord Hambleden's sister; she and her husband have a Wiltshire place—Fonthill House, near Tisbury

Right: Lady Susan Seymour, the Duke of Somerset's daughter, and Mr. Isaac Bell, M.F.H., made a momentary halt in their dance while they had their photograph taken

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

A Foggy Outlook

I AM writing this, if you must know, in a waiting-room at a small country station. My train is half an hour late. Fog swirls depressingly outside the window.

If my views are more than usually misty, then, perhaps, you will forgive me, though I feel that the weather is appropriate to the Rugby football situation in general. Foggy, that's what it is, and I defy anyone to make successful prognostications about the second half of the season which lies before us.

Will England, for example, emerge from the Slough of Despond, or are we to suffer the triumphant Scotsmen once more? Dare we hope that Wales, rich in fine players, will produce her strongest team?

WE are led to these speculations by the fact that, before long, England will be doing battle at Cardiff Arms Park, a ground where international football becomes supercharged with excitement. I think, myself, that England should make the journey there with a reasonable amount of optimism. Barring accidents, we may guess that the English pack will consist of Longland, Gregory, Kendrew, Boast, Webb, Hodgson, Hordern, and Fry, a useful bunch, though it might be improved by the substitution of a rather more lively player for Longland in the front row.

Then Gadney and Elliott are fairly safe bets as the half-backs, but the three-quarters are rather more problematical. It is most unfortunate that A. C. Novis should have injured a knee, for we badly needed that thrust of his in the centre. It seems, though, that the Selectors have at last renounced their allegiance to D. Burland, presumably on the ground that speed in mid-field is essential. Whether R. A. Gerrard is the man to rely upon is another matter. There are times when Gerrard shows signs of true greatness, but, somehow, quite apart from the fact that he is prone to injury, he is a disappointing player. When he first appeared we judged him to be a classic centre in the making, and his poor finishing was forgiven for the sake of his strong running and general vitality. Unhappily, he still finishes poorly; he lacks that instinctive sense which distinguishes the Poultons and the Goulds.

There is one player who has this sense to-day, and that is young Cranmer, the Oxford centre. Inexperienced though he is, it would be no bad thing to play him with J. Heaton for England; at least we should then be building up a team for the future. Heaton, to my mind, is not so promising a player as Cranmer, though he has certainly been extremely effective in Trial matches. It was unfortunate that R. Leyland, who partners Heaton in the centre up North, should have been crocked, for he also is a most likely player. Still, it is encouraging to know that we have such excellent material available.

Second-Lieut. E. J. Unwin, who played right wing three-quarter for the Army, tackles the Harlequin full-back, S. A. Block, in the match at Twickenham, which resulted in an unexpected win for the Harlequins by fifteen points to eight

SWITCHING from international to Services prospects, I watched the Army side in action with some interest the other day. A pack which includes such forwards as Kendrew, Boast, C. L. Troop, P. G. Hobbs, Vaughan-Jones, and V. J. Pike should be formidable indeed; perhaps it was because Kendrew was away that they were not particularly impressive when I saw them. They scrummaged well, up to a point, but the ball came out slowly, and F. W. Simpson at scrum-half was handicapped. Even so, Simpson does not sling out a fast pass, and I should say that G. J. Dean would serve the Army better. B. T. V. Cowey, who seems likely to be capped for Wales this year, is a vastly improved wing three-quarter, while J. A. Crawford looked after A. L. Warr effectively; and here is a wing who does require looking after.

A. G. Butterworth converts for Richmond in a cheery match at Richmond, when the home team won by twenty-four points to nine against the Fettesian-Lorettonians

Incidentally, I am sorry the Selectors have dropped Warr altogether. He had a really unlucky Trial match, for the ball never came his way, and Booth managed to beat him once or twice with that bewildering side-step. Warr is a grand runner, for all that, and I hope the Selectors will not lose sight of him.

And while we are talking of wings, watch young G. W. C. Meikle, who failed to get a blue in the centre at Cambridge. He played a rattling good game on the left wing for the Barbarians, and his inward swerve and side-step are dazzling.

TO return to the Army. When Novis and Kendrew are not playing, the team seems to lack personality. This is one of the things I am wishing for in 1934—a luxuriant crop of Rugby football personalities. The game is a little drab at present, though there are streaks of colour here and there.

The trouble is that until scrummaging improves Rugby football will remain a scrambling affair in which personalities are swamped. My first wish, therefore, is that captains of clubs, and others in authority, may come to their senses, and settle down to real scrummaging as the foundation of their team-work and tactics. Get that right, and the rest will follow—the Cranmers and Meikles and Heatons will have proper chances, and the true glories of the game will return.

We've three extremely interesting months ahead of us, at any rate, however foggy the outlook may be.

Music (and all That)

British Composers and the B.B.C.

By "Melos"

MUSIC, together with painting, has been passed over in the New Year's Honours List. Mr. Godfrey Elton, the new mystery peer (not so very mysterious, after all, when one comes to look into it), is said to be a keen and competent amateur musician; but music is not one of the services he has rendered to the community.

British music is, however, honoured by the series of concerts organised by the B.B.C. and labelled "British Music Festival." I have just attended the first of these. So did the fog. It was the fog that was the main cause of a rather poor attendance; but Labour's daily organ, ever to the fore in matters of patriotism, attributed it to the fact that British music was being played, and talked of "waste of public money." In a journal which devotes much space to the fact that a nigger trumpet-player has split his lip, this was not, perhaps, surprising. But it is going beyond the limit when millions of readers are told—for the circulation is undoubtedly enormous—that "if we were an A1 musical nation, we would get up and boo" at all of this music except Constant Lambert's "Rio Grande."

I was not surprised at that exception being made, since that, though a jolly little piece, full of talent, it is really little more than jazz and belongs to Gerswhin's "Rhapsody in Blue" class. It is excellent of its type, but the importance of its type is apt to be exaggerated, particularly by those who consider that British music must go completely native without further delay.

IT is more serious when contumely is poured, with an air of authority, on the music of Delius and Elgar, which is described as being "deadly dull." Delius's "Song of the High Hills" is "linked sweetness long-drawn-out"; I grant that it is on the long side. But all of it is exquisite music, and not a bar of it is dull. Sir Edward Elgar's "Cockaigne" Overture (the spelling is important—it has nothing to do with dope) is splendid, sound music—typically Elgar and typically British, and detested in certain quarters on that account. It is with no intention of disparaging the qualities of "Rio Grande" that I say that Elgar and Delius will survive all the adjurations to boo them, and that their works will be heard when "Rio Grande" is as the snows of yesteryear.

THE new symphony, Symphony in D, by Mr. R. O. Morris, is not, it must be admitted, of very much account. It is beautifully written and constructed, somewhat after the style of Dr. Vaughan Williams: it has some pleasing moments; and the orchestra, under Dr. Adrian Boult, played it very well indeed. But genuine inspiration is lacking. It struck me that Mr. Morris really has rather too little to say, although he says it immaculately.

Further British concerts of this series are due to take place to-day (January 10), when the programme includes an Elgar symphony and new works by Frank Bridge and Armstrong Gibbs, and on the 12th, with new works by Delius, John Ireland, and Patrick Hadley, the last a promising young composer who is always being mistaken for Sidney Beer, the conductor, whom he closely resembles in appearance.

BRITISH music, I am optimistic enough to consider, can hold its own without special boosting or blowing of the nationalistic trumpet (although every nation except our own does this with much emphasis and elaboration). At the same time, to subject it to sneers just because it is British is peculiarly unfair, though the keen delight of those who are given to praising "with enthusiastic tone . . . every country but their own."

I found little to praise, in the course of a short visit to Paris last week, in the combined efforts of two countries not my own—France and Germany—in the matter of the production of Strauss's *Fledermaus* at the Théâtre Pigalle. Max Reinhardt has produced it and a mainly French company plays it, and the result is deplorable.

Chauve-Souris, as it is called, is put on a stage that is constantly going up and down or round and round. The fun is drowned in over-elaboration. Worst fault of all, important songs have been cut out altogether and Strauss's music has been re-orchestrated by Herr Korngold, who, it will be remembered, messed about with Offenbach in Mr. C. B. Cochran's beautiful production of *La Belle Hélène* at the Adelphi recently.

Surely it is rather an impertinence for Herr Korngold to label his work "Adaptation Musicale." Wasn't *Fledermaus* musical before he took it in hand? Strauss knew exactly what he wanted in the way of orchestration, and his score sparkles like champagne. Korngold has thickened it with too much brass and with wood-wind used in the wrong way, with the result that it sounds like a cross between a third-rate jazz orchestra and the "Besses o' the Barn" band. He has turned Strauss's champagne into stale lager.

THE two productions of *Hansel and Gretel*—that at the Cambridge, with a reduced orchestra and emphasis laid by Mr. Basil Dean on the play, and that at the Old Vic, which has a full orchestra and is treated as the opera which it is—are both excellent. Some will prefer one and others will prefer the other. I like both.

I also like both the Gretels—Miss Victoria Hopper and Miss Sybil Hambleton, the latter a delicious little artist who can, and does, make herself heard through an orchestra of Wagnerian calibre.

Peter North

Visitors to London

Above, left: Signora Hella Toros, the Austro-Italian soprano; and, above, right, Signor Fernando Gusso, the Venetian baritone, who were introduced to musical London at a party given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Leon Goossens at World's End Studio, Chelsea

"Listen, Hetty! You don't think white's going to look too sort of virginal?"

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Brilliant History: By A. G. Macdonell

In *The Victorian Aftermath* (Routledge; 12*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Wingfield-Stratford completes his Victorian trilogy. The period which he covers in this volume is the thirteen years between the death of the Queen and the year of the World War. And what an astounding period it was. The Widow, with her frowns and her repressions and her dullness, was succeeded by the big, cigar-smoking, pleasure-loving, Derby-winning King, and in a trice the flood-gates were opened, and the pent-up emotions of thirty years were released. The old standards and the accepted conventions were swept away. The New Plutocracy came surging into the drawing-rooms. Cassels and Speyers and Sassoons sprang from their counting-houses and lorded it where the Marquess of Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire had been hereditary monarchs; the motor and the aeroplane added their riotous speeds to the general excitement; the flames of bitter political controversy shot up into the skies over the Budget, the Lords, the Land, and Ireland; the Socialist Party was gaining ground; mammoth industrial disputes convulsed the country; and through it all, a sinister and ever-present background, there was the growing menace of Fear which could only lead to War. It is customary to speak of our modern generation as neurotic. Read Mr. Wingfield-Stratford if you want to know something about a neurotic generation. Those Edwardians bashed women about in Whitehall and tortured them in Holloway. They screamed hysterically for great masses of Dreadnoughts to protect them, without ever giving a thought to other means of avoiding a war. The new Press, lashed on by Northcliffe, and yelping superbly through the smaller, but shriller, voice of Leo Maxse, yowled and howled against Germany, conveniently forgetting that, a year or two before, they had been yowling and howling against France. They did everything on the grand scale, those Edwardians. They gave vast and expensive entertainments. They built battleships by the dozen. They crowded to Ascot and Cowes and Lord's, and when the inevitable result of their gorgeous and colossal hysteria came upon the world, the crash was correspondingly magnificent. Two characteristic examples of their combined neurosis and megalomania may be given as typical of them all. Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Fisher proposed seriously, in about 1905, to "Copenhagen" the German Fleet by attacking it, in time of peace, without declaration of war, in its own harbours. The King, far saner than any of his subjects, simply said: "Fisher, you 're mad." The second example is that in the spring of 1914, the Director of Military Operations at the War Office was simultaneously preparing the Army for war against Germany and secretly proposing with Bonar Law and Carson to get the House of Lords to refuse to pass the Army Annual Act. This would automatically have abolished the British Army on April 30th, 1914. That Director was afterwards Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. The brilliance of Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's book is enhanced by his swift, incisive prose. This is a remarkable book, and everyone who wishes that another World War may be avoided ought to study it very carefully indeed.

Hughes

Keith Winter

the author-playwright, whose "Rats of Norway" had a long run at the Playhouse. A new play by him has since been secured by Gladys Cooper for production in America

Miss Cora Jarrett is a new author to me. Perhaps that is only my monumental ignorance, but there it is. She has written a novel called *Night Over Fitch's Pond* (Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*) which has many arresting qualities, as well as several extremely tiresome mannerisms. Let us look first upon the bright side. It is the story of passion and tragedy in a small American provincial University. The wrong people are married, and the wrong people love each other. A lecturer, of vast stupidity and egoism and intellectual cruelty, is married to a saint. Another professor comes to live near them, in the next cottage, with a great, flamboyant, villainous, handsome wife. The saint and the second professor fall in love with each other. The flamboyant wife, a sort of Mae West, without the charm or the wit, sets out to destroy them both. The selfish lecturer stands by for a while, and then suddenly rolls off his selfishness and tries to drown the dashing lady. His idea was that if he seized her and sprang into the water with her, both of them would drown, and his wife would be happy for ever and ever. But the flamboyant one was too strong for him. He was drowned and she escaped. Then the teller of the story stepped in. He was also a member of the University, a lame, ineffectual man, who worshipped the saint, and at dead of night he went and murdered the voluptuous destroyer of homes, so that his saint could marry her professor.

As a story, *Night Over Fitch's Pond* is in a very high class. It is crowded with power and passion and sombre, haunting, subtle, vehemence. It is often like Conrad, often like Henry James. It reaches heights. But it is marred most dreadfully by wretched technique. You feel that Miss Jarrett suddenly peters out once in every four pages. Three pages are thrilling, and then you feel that she is saying to herself: "Now, I must create an effect," and the only effect she creates on her fourth page is one of lumbering, pretentious nonsense. But never mind. The book is sufficiently remarkable, in spite of the complicated, unreadable rubbish that intrudes itself all the time. The character-drawing is really good, and the plot is really good. I rather think that one day Miss Jarrett will understand how deep she strikes, and how little she depends on shallow rot. Then we shall see a novel that Tolstoy might not have scorned to read.

I seem to spend half my time reviewing books by Mr. Dennis Wheatley. Here he is again. *Black August* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is another of his thrillers. It is about the collapse of capitalist civilisation under a Bolshevik revolution in England, and it is told with immense gusto and liveliness. The adventures and the shootings and the hairbreadth escapes follow each other with incredible swiftness, so that it would be a dull dog who could lay it down for longer than it takes to wolf a quick Martini. The fact that it is wildly improbable does not detract from its merits for one second, for what thriller ever written was not wildly improbable? The point about *Black August* is that it is fast and vivid and readable. I have two criticisms against it. Firstly, the superbly efficient hero is invariably defeated. That is a mistake. Superbly efficient heroes ought to win every time. And secondly, it ends on a note of emotional patriotism which might almost have been supplied by the Navy League. Thrillers are thrillers, and sobbing Imperialism is sobbing Imperialism, and never the twain should meet.

And now we won't review any more of Mr. Wheatley for six months. We 're tired of the man. But not of his books.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

HAIR curled high up on the head and crowned with a jewelled diadem

EXTREME left. Evening wrap of dark blue velvet with a collar of silver fox

EVENING gown of red faille with flounces accentuating the width from knee to hem

SKIRTS very long and full towards the hem, tight waists, square shoulders, the back uncovered and the decolletage high in front

EXTREME left. Afternoon gown of wine-coloured crêpe with a flower of the same colour at the high neckline. Full sleeves

AFTERNOON cape of black velvet trimmed with double bands of silver fox. Square black velvet béret

POINTED bonnet and collar of black astrakan, the hat worn far back on the head

HATS are worn either well over the eyes or else pushed as far back on the head as is practicable

RIGHT: Mistinguette, who really makes one almost believe in eternal youth, wears a white satin gown with a cape and toque of white ospreys from Molyneux which represents, one feels, restraint on her part and excess on his!

BELOW: pretty Claire Luce, whose dancing delights us in "Gay Divorce," has chosen from Victor Stiebel a gown of navy blue cloqué, its fish train lined with white, and with a huge circle of brilliants to accentuate its high décolletage

Bracelets and ring of diamonds and sapphires from William Ogden

Lipnitzki

2 ★ ★ and their clothes

Scaioni Studios

Bond Street and Thereabouts . . .

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

by Madge Garland

I HAVE just travelled to Paris with a man who was going to buy a polo-necked pull-over, and returned with a woman who wanted to buy a hat in London—this is making the world almost as topsy-turvy as politicians would wish it to be. What would Mr. Poiret say, who is still assuring us that in Paris there is no interest shown in anything but women's fashions? Though I remember being held up in the Rue de Rivoli by some rather grand plaid scarves in Tremlett's windows, and lured into buying unnecessarily expensive male handkerchiefs at Sulka's, in the Place Vendôme; or Suzy who, when she visited our town for the first time, in order to sing at the Café de Paris last month, said that London was a city of shirts?

THE pull-over, I may add, remained unbought, and the winds of Austrian mountains met without any comforting turtle-neck, but a Frenchwoman buying a hat in London no longer seems as strange as it would have done a few years ago. A country hat was wanted, and we all know what a Parisian sports hat looks like in the English countryside, so I suggested Scott's, where clever Miss Block always manages to have something which is new and yet correct, and will take a personal interest in you, your dress problems, and the shape of your head. She brought forth immediately the perfect hat, a brown homespun felt with a deep fold across the crown, the brim turned up at the back, and sharply down in front, though it was closely rivalled by a mottled beige with a round crown quartered by stitching and a red and green quill on one side.

LOOKING round the London shops, where I am absolutely unwelcomed during sale time, I nevertheless found several items which, if you have any money left after Christmas, paying the rent and gorging at sales you might like to acquire. Anyway, it can't hurt you to know about them. For instance, a Vionnet nightgown of flowered chiffon, cowl neck, cut on the cross, almost backless, ribbon sash, can be copied in almost any colour, patterned or plain, and is a very seducer of stout hearts. Marshall's have got it, or if you want to be demure, they will offer you a pale-blue triple ninon with a square yoke, edged with a tiny net frill and a short bodice tied with a blue ribbon. Almost a Romney.

THEN I came across a few late mid-season numbers in the model gown department. I particularly liked a navy-blue woollen one-piece dress, the type of garment we always need and cannot always find, very simple, with pleats in its straight skirt, but powdered all over with minute gold beads. For those going to a warm climate there was a Patou dress and matching coat of black silk (which had, I swear, a thread of wool in it, anyway, it didn't crease), patterned with a tiny blue and yellow flower design. This had a jabot of pleated material at the high neck, and the three-quarter length coat was edged with black fox. Annabella, the adorable star of *À Nous la Liberté*, when seen in Paris the other day, had one of these pleated jabots on a plain black dress, but it was of aquamarine blue attached to a narrow band of blue which tied in a bow at the back of the neck. An enchanting Pierrot effect and very becoming to her smooth young face.

IT is so long since we beheld a patterned material that the sight of them gives a definitely new effect, and it seems that with the coming of spring they intend to invade the evening as well as the afternoon fashions. Debenham's have a new Mainbocher model of burgundy-coloured ottoman patterned with black and white, and a new Patou in black and white crêpe, in which the design takes the form of circles spreading and breaking on a white ground. This is backless, but a drapery is flung over one shoulder and hangs in a panel down the back, while on one side of the low décolletage there is a hint of olive-green velvet. Lovely and very good for the older woman, but I preferred a pale-blue and gold lamé dress with a high yoke in front, ending in a point on either shoulder, which had straight, slender lines broadening out towards the feet.

LEAVING fashions for a moment, I have another find which will appeal to all those who are *frileuse* (so much more elegant than being just chilly). It 's a hot-water bottle of the most peculiar shape, rather like a champagne-bottle-necked Victorian lady because, as you probably have noticed, it is the shoulders of the bottle which get cold first, so this one eliminates this disadvantage by sloping them away, and also has a special neck which prevents your hand from being scalded when you fill it. Quite the right kind of friend to take to bed.

A more decorative discovery is illustrated below: these charming little boats, with red-and-white striped or buff-coloured sails, make an unusual table-centre or still-life before a mirror. Finnigan's have got them at varying prices, and no one who sees them could resist them. M. G.

F. J. Gutmann

Left: A. P. Herbert in his Grand Union three-piece, stagnant squadron suit is the envy of all the other bargees at Brentford

Right: Louis Golding, in his perfect-fitting yachting costume, about to shout "Yo-ho-ho!" in Magnolia Street

STIMULATED by the discussion which has taken place relative to the ten best-dressed men of the day, our artist, H. H. Harris, the "Beau Brummel" of the black-and-white world, hastens to offer his selection of four public characters who seem, for some unfathomable reason, to have been forgotten altogether

Compton Mackenzie regarded enviously by the other smart inhabitants as the Beau Ideal of Beauly

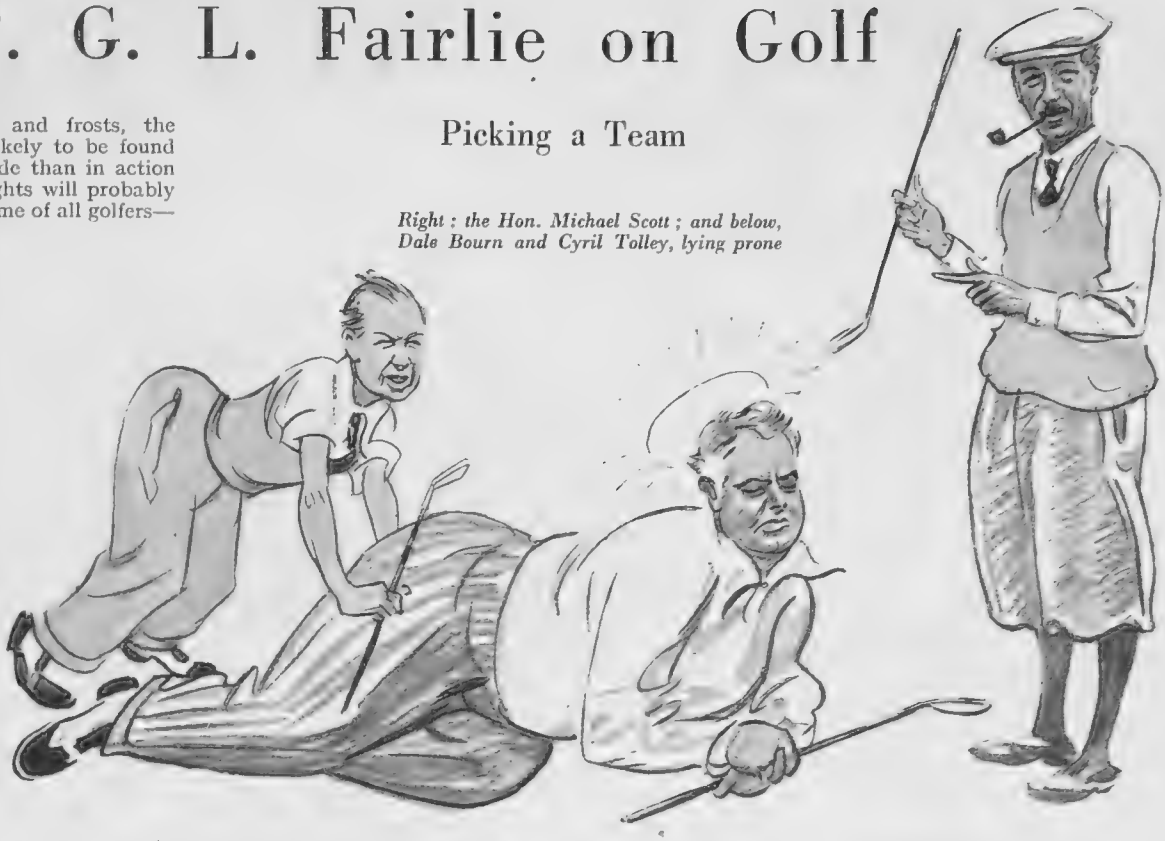
Professor Einstein, always perfectly tailored, finds his famous book, "Zur Einheitlichen Feldtheorie," invaluable as a trousers-press

The Four Best-Dressed Men: By H. H. Harris

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Picking a Team

Right : the Hon. Michael Scott ; and below, Dale Bourn and Cyril Tolley, lying prone



Will they play for the Walker Cup ? Our contributor's tip for the first three

IN these days of fogs and frosts, the golfer is much more likely to be found sitting beside his fireside than in action on the links, and his thoughts will probably turn to that favourite pastime of all golfers—the selection of a team to represent us in the next Walker Cup match. A friend being handy, we evolved a team which, on last season's form, we think would be hard to beat at St. Andrews, even by our all-conquering friends, the Americans.

ON last season's form, and on last season's results, we came to the conclusion that the next Walker Cup side should be captained by Michael Scott. We thought that he ought to lead the team in both singles and foursomes, and we were unanimous that the names I am going to put down should comprise our next team.

Our second choice in the team was Dale Bourn. This may rather surprise some people, but look at his record in the past year. He very nearly won the English Championship, and he very nearly won the Amateur Championship, and he is a man who, we all know, can beat anybody, at times. He has also, in the near past, won the French Amateur Championship and the English Close Championship, and the President's Putter at Ryecroft, so that he has a record of which to be proud. It is also a record which shows that he is the sort of person to win his matches, and definitely has fighting qualities. Second we took Cyril Tolley. Cyril is always a most likely person to win any amateur event for which he may compete, and no words of mine are necessary in order to justify his selection. He may, perhaps, find himself a little surprised to be chosen below Dale Bourn, but I think that Dale's performances in 1933 fully justify his eminent position in our team, and I think that, on reflection, Cyril Tolley will probably agree with us.

Fourth we selected young Jack McLean, if he is still eligible. Here again we may find critics who will tell us that McLean most certainly should be above Dale, and possibly Cyril, but I am not prepared to agree with them. True, he won the English and Scottish Amateur Championships for the second year in succession in each case, which is a remarkably creditable achievement, but his performance in the Amateur was not very impressive, although he did better in the Open. We are not concerned, however, with a medal play competition ; we are concerned with that pitched battle where no give-and-take is permissible, and where the man playing with you is the actual and only opponent to be defeated. So I think McLean must be satisfied with the fourth position. It is all the better, from our point of view, if he is a little low in the team, for then he is more likely to win his match.

Mr. R. B. Foster (plus 2) and Captain A. C. Waite (14), who fought out the final of the Gordon Lennox Cup in the fog at the Coombe Hill Golf Club, when the victory went to the former at the thirty-sixth hole

FROM this point the team selection became very considerably more difficult, for these four players obviously stand out by themselves as automatic choices, and it is merely a question of in what order we are going to play them. However, after a lot of discussion we finally chose for fifth place Tony Torrance, captain of last year's side and the hero of the last three or four matches against America, in that he has been so frequently the one and only winner. Tony Torrance is always a good man to have on your side, and he is, without doubt, one of the very small select band of great amateur golfers in this country. He is also the type of man who will do his very utmost to be fit and ready on the day of the match—and that is a great asset.

For sixth place we chose John Beck. Among golfers he is known as the most abominably difficult man to beat—which is just what we want in this team. He has also a knack of doing very well against Americans : witness his very creditable achievement in the only American Amateur Championship in which he has competed. He has also had experience of the Walker Cup match and is a man for whom the Americans themselves have a hearty respect. In these circumstances we came to the conclusion that John was justly entitled to the sixth place, particularly after his brilliant performance in winning the St. George's Cup.

The seventh place we hand to Sam McKinley, who is rather a better golfer than most people imagine, although most people know that he is very good. For some reason he has not done very much recently, but he carries sufficient of our faith for us to select him for the team. He is considerably better known as a golfer in Scotland than he is in England : there is a little band of very good golfers belonging to the Lowlands of Scotland at the moment ; Jack McLean leads, but McKinley is not far behind.

The final place in our team gave us a lot of trouble, for we could not make up our minds between several. However, we decided that we could not do better than pin our faith either to Andrew McNair or Henry Howell. For various reasons, chiefly business, McNair has been out of first-class golf for some little time, but he made a very fine reappearance in the Worplesdon Foursomes recently, and he is a player with a magnificent swing, liable to beat anybody at any time. That he may not be very steady at the moment is no doubt entirely due to lack of practice, which could be remedied. Henry Howell is, of course, one of the most skilled and stout-hearted golfers playing the game. These two worried us, but we finally gave Henry the last place, and kept Andrew as our first reserve.

I am well aware that we have made several rather startling omissions from this team, but we stand by it, and it will be amusing to see, later on in the year, just how wrong or how right we have been.

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

Helping Others

DEAR BYSTANDER,

BEFORE we talk about anything else, you and the world at large must be told how interesting things have been in the race for THE BYSTANDER Yearly Challenge Cup and memento, which rewards the player who has won the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year. The winner is Miss Wooding, of Kingsthorpe L.G.C., near Northampton, who has the splendid total of five spoons to her credit. That sounds almost unbeatable, seeing what competition there is to win so much as one spoon, but actually she was hard pressed by Miss M. Fielding, of Blackpool North Shore. Both these players won in January, in February, and in April. Then Miss Wooding put in wins in both November and December, Miss Fielding could only achieve one in December, and so that was that, and very hearty congratulations are due to Miss Wooding. Third place went to Miss M. Way, of Hockley, near Winchester, who won three spoons, January, February and April, but could not follow these up as Miss Wooding and Miss Fielding did. However, there is always a New Year, and 1934 has just begun. Judging by 1933, one ought to impress on players nice trite little maxims about "well begun is half done," "the early bird catches the cup," and so on and so forth.

Anyway, good luck to everybody.

IT sometimes seems to me that the Northern golfers have a much better grasp of the insignificance of the game than the Southern. I know that is a statement that is likely to bring a nest of hornets about my ears. Possibly it is partly because the North are more downright and emphatic about anything that they do, so that we are very aware when they come to an L.G.U. Annual Meeting, and are of the opinion that the Ladies' Golf Union ought to give more of its funds and greater encouragement to helping on various forms of relief of distress. There are, of course, two sides to every question, and one does see that funds which have been publicly subscribed for one purpose cannot be diverted to another without accusations of broken faith. And, of course, the Southerners may, and do, do all sorts of good works, some of them behind the scenes; but Cheshire, at least, does translate its sledge-hammer arguments into real, practical deeds. For instance, Mrs. Temple Dobell has just been having a tremendous stir up of the golf clubs in the county to aid the Personal Services League. You know, of course, what great work they do in providing clothing for the unemployed, and there have been working parties held at a number of clubs this winter—a very sound plan, and I have no doubt a very pleasant one. No party, working or otherwise, would ever be dull if some of the Cheshire people that I can think of were there.

Heswall's activity took the form of a bridge party, which realised £40. I suppose, down here, we simply do not know how appalling distress has been and still is. We know shipping and cotton as industries which minister to our pleasure. We do not see what is happening when these trades are having hard times.

IT is not as if golf were neglected for good works. Have you ever considered that no single county has contributed so many Open Champions to the list as Cheshire has done? Miss Molly Graham was the first of them, in 1901. Miss Lottie Dod, grown tired of tennis, followed suit three years later. Miss Gladys Ravenscroft (Mrs. Temple Dobell) was the next Cheshireite, in 1912, and she only handed over the Cup to her great friend and fellow-Cheshireite, Miss Muriel Dodd, who is now Mrs. Macbeth. Ten years later it was Miss Doris Chambers who carried it off. At this minute the Cup is residing in the Notts Club, since that was where Miss Enid Wilson entered from, but Cheshire can still be proud of the fact that the player's residential qualification is for them.

THE captain of the county this year is Miss C. Bridgford, of Hale, who held office, and held it very well, in 1927, in spite of being ill at the time. The Hon. Secretaryship has been split, so large is the Association now, Mrs. Griffiths taking office with Mrs. Bredin, who has borne the burden alone so far, as her assistant Hon. Sec. Mrs. Hammersley carries on as Hon. Treasurer.

It will be East Cheshire's turn for the Championship, but the date and place have yet to be announced. If the eastern side of the county has not quite so spectacularly famous a course as the Royal Liverpool Club at Hoylake, where Miss Wilson won last year, there are plenty of good courses where the event can be held with great satisfaction.

GOLFING news does not often come from Rhodesia, but when it does, it is thoroughly welcome. Buluwayo has not only sent the news, but they have done the compliment of arranging foursomes and giving them the name "Eve," a delicate tribute to the mother of all foursomes. The foursomes were open to members of any recognised golf club in Rhodesia, and though distances were too great for outside entries, the home players supplied a record number, including many from Raylton, Buluwayo L.G.C. The first prize went to Mrs. Greenshields and Mrs. Speight, with 95—13½=81½, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Burrell, with 105—19=86 being second.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Wilton Shield at Sandy Lodge. Mrs. Russell Smith, Mrs. V. G. Davies and Mrs. S. A. Matthews, three of the competitors

Miss Helen Skene, only daughter of the former Captain of the R. and A., Col. P. G. M. Skene, and Mrs. Skene, of Pitlour, St. Andrews, whose engagement to Mr. J. M. Prain, another well-known golfer, has just been announced

"Bystander" Women's Golf in 1934

April 10—Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth.

April 17-20.—Northern Foursomes at Birkdale.

June 12-15.—Scottish Foursomes at North Berwick.

Sept. 12-14.—Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges.

Oct. 9-12.—Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

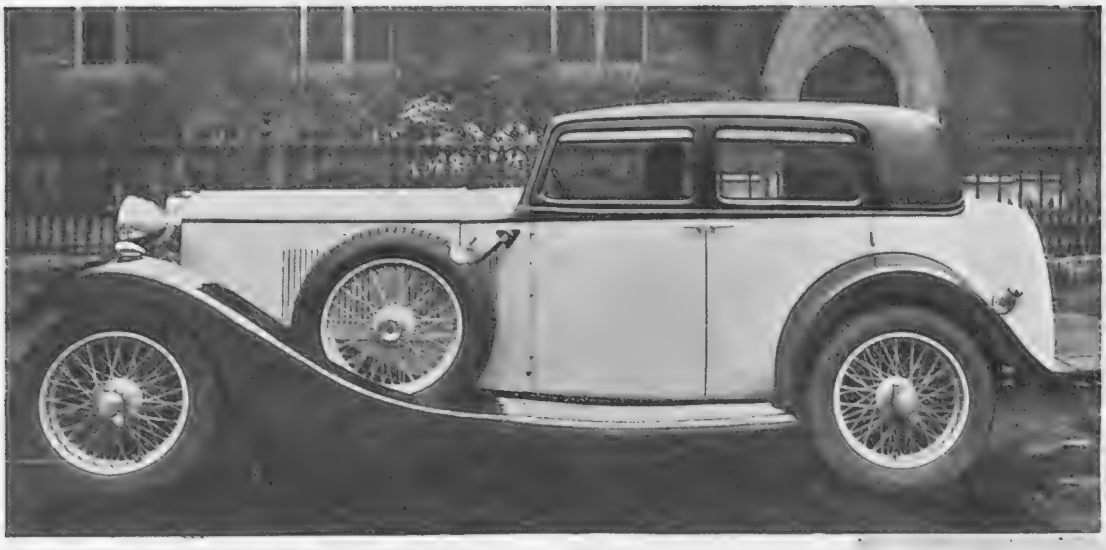
Intending competitors are reminded that there is NO residential or national qualification for any of these competitions. A South of England player may compete in the Northern or the Scottish Foursomes; a Northerner or a Scot in the Autumn and the Spring Medal. Membership of an L.G.U. Club is the only qualification, and even that is waived if the player comes from Overseas.

MONTE

CARLO

YOU COULD BE THERE TOMORROW,
and stay at a good hotel from ten shillings a day.

"Mesdames et Messieurs...Faites vos jeux...Rien ne va plus!..." Beautiful women, exquisite gowns—the radiance and glitter of diamonds — the softer fire of rubies and emeralds . . . the plaques mount up — time is forgotten.



Left: The latest "Speed" Model Sunbeam is an outstandingly good-looking car. In addition to graceful and well-balanced lines, it has also the merit of really comfortable and practical coachwork

Below: the engine is, naturally, a highly efficient unit, having remarkable powers of acceleration. It appears to be more accessible than most

Cars with a Personality

The "Speed" Model Sunbeam

By The Earl of Cardigan

A SUNBEAM is always a car of individuality, and the 21-h.p. "Speed" Model is certainly no exception to the rule. Its ability to put up a really first-rate performance is unquestionable—yet, having its own methods of obtaining the desired results, it is not quite as other sports cars are.

In the first place, considering the very high speeds at which it is built to run, the Sunbeam "Speed" Model must be considered a relatively low-geared car. The advantage of this is that great flexibility is attained, it being possible to slow down to a mere crawl in top gear, and to accelerate away again, if desired, without making use of the lower ratios.

One might expect some corresponding disadvantage, such as aggressively high "revs," when the maximum road speeds are approached. In actual fact, however, there is never anything in the least aggressive in the behaviour of the "Speed" Model engine. However fast it turns over, it remains always perfectly smooth and well balanced, giving the impression that it positively enjoys high-speed running. There is no suspicion of "flurry," and no trace of vibration.

As to actual figures, the car should undoubtedly do a very honest 90 m.p.h. in top gear. It certainly does its 70 m.p.h. in third gear, and has, moreover, remarkable powers of acceleration. There must be very few cars, other than those of the out-and-out racing type, in which it is possible to get over the ground at a more impressive average speed.

A very interesting feature is the absence of any central door-pillar. The result, of course, is that it is exceptionally easy for passengers to get in and out

The luggage trunk is of ample size, and is admirably fitted up. In addition to two large suit-cases, there is a sliding tray on which tools are neatly and accessibly laid out

LIKE all Sunbeams within my experience, this "Speed" Model also excels in road-holding. At all speeds, and under all conditions, it is perfectly steady and well balanced. The steering is admirably definite, and has a firm, self-centring action. The springing is pleasant at all times, and not, as in some sports cars, unduly hard. The four-wheel brakes are hydraulic, and do their work both efficiently and very smoothly. As a precaution, the hand brake operates mechanically, acting on the rear-wheel drums.

It should be emphasised that, although it is admittedly built for high speeds and fast driving, this Sunbeam is none the less a very practical and comfortable motor-car. The saloon body gives four people ample seating space, and the fitted luggage trunk is a commodious one. The driving position is fair, but not quite ideal. There is plenty of leg-room, but the right elbow is constricted, and the gear-lever seems somewhat remote. These are trifling defects, however, and are already being rectified.

Naturally, the "Speed" Model is not a cheap car. The four-door "pillarless" saloon (an interesting method of construction, this) sells for £825. With its outstanding performance, backed by the Sunbeam reputation for good workmanship and quality, it none the less offers good value to those who are willing to make such an investment.

POPE & BRADLEY

SHORT PERIOD REDUCTIONS

THE prices of the best quality woollen materials continue to advance. Clothes will be more expensive during 1934. In view of this it may appear anomalous for Pope & Bradley to offer their customers a very considerable reduction. The reduction, however, is only for a short period, and the reasons are sound and economic.

January and February are dull months in the tailoring trade and the primary object is to maintain the full employment of our 'log' craftsmen—expert hand-sewing tailors—who earn their wages by 'piece-work.' Their wages are high, and for 10 months of the year they work to capacity. By sacrificing profits during the slack period Pope & Bradley stimulate trade and keep their staff of craftsmen as busy in January as they are in May.

There is a second reason. We are the only firm in the West End of London who produce exclusive designs in materials each Spring and each Winter. It becomes imperative to consume the whole of these stocks before the delivery of the new exclusive materials, which are now being manufactured for us. Therefore, for two weeks—

UNTIL SATURDAY, JANUARY 27

on the understanding that all orders placed during that period are paid for and completed during February, we are reducing our prices almost to the bare net cost of production.

10 Gn. LOUNGE SUITS FOR £8 18 6. **11 Gn. LOUNGE SUITS FOR £9 9 0.**

13 Gn. LOUNGE SUITS FOR £11 11 0.

NET CASH ON COMPLETION, AND TWO GNS. OFF ALL MORNING SUITS, DINNER JACKETS & DRESS SUITS.

14 OLD BOND STREET, W.1, and 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.1

The World's Best Winter Holiday is British— and spent IN Britain!

THE stay-at-homes have it all along the line! 4 hours from London and you're in the overcoatless climate of Torquay. The boring expensiveness of a continental "holiday" is annihilated by the inclusive terms and the exclusive programme at Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House. December, January and February become positively cheerful months at the Palace—and here are a few reasons:

CLEMSON and VALERIE, drawing on their marvellous repertoire of exhibition dancing, in a background of ballroom and sun lounge, will enchant you as they have enchanted discriminating audiences all over the world.

Squash, badminton, tennis, swimming, gymnasium, golf: all in charge of resident professional instructors, only too willing to help improve your game—or take a licking.

Food, wine, and service that admits no superior in this or any other country. Comfort in every corner of the hotel that will satisfy the laziest of holiday-makers. Terms that are inclusive to the utmost degree, and therefore amazingly inexpensive.

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By Charles Ward

Controlling the Airways

No one knows what excitement is in store for the air-traveller of the future. Airports and airways which are much in use get congested with traffic during bad weather, and regulations have been introduced to control such traffic, with the idea of avoiding the risk of collisions. That these are rare—except, perhaps, in Service flying, when the pilots escape by parachute, in order to join the Caterpillar Club—is due to the reluctance of all but expert pilots to fly in clouds and fog. Some form of wireless klaxon will solve the problem in the future, warning pilots automatically of the presence of other machines in their vicinity, indicating approximately their speed, altitude, and the direction of flight. No aeroplane will be allowed a licence unless it is fitted with wireless, the latter being equivalent to a motor-horn, though it will make no audible sound, and reception will be visual also. By television apparatus, it is possible to transmit animated pictures through space, and some form of illuminated screen will be mounted on the dashboard of an aeroplane, on which the signals from other machines will appear as moving dots, varying in size according to their proximity. Flying in bad weather, especially fog, is bound to be a complicated business for many years, but in time, with the aid of wireless, it will become the safest form of travel.

Ethyl's Secret

In spite of the temporary uncertainty, caused by the move from Stag Lane to Hatfield, the London Club put in nearly 2300 hours in the air last year, a total which cannot have been exceeded by many others. Mr. J. A. Harris is the chief instructor, assisted by Mr. G. R. de Havilland, who is, of course, the son of de Havilland himself, designer of all the Moths and winner of the King's Cup last year, flying his latest, the Leopard. The London Club has been completely re-equipped with Moths of modern type, those available being three Gipsy II.'s, two Puss Moths, a Gipsy Major, and a Tiger Moth will be added shortly for those who want aerobatics with the maximum thrill. Hanworth, which is one of the brighter spots for a party, celebrated the death of the old year by a dinner and dance that was enjoyed by a full house. Everyone hopes that the Club and the aerodrome will be preserved from the builders, for we can ill afford to lose the most delightful country flying-club in England. On Thursday week, January 18th, Mr. F. R. Banks will lecture before the Aeronauticals on "Ethyl," and I understand that, with the approval of the Air Ministry, he will reveal the secret of her anti-knock performance.

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 73)

a fifty or sixty out of the bag when it was most needed.

Now, how about the latest jumps in the boxing world? Jack Petersen is to have a fight a month at Cardiff, and it is good to know that he is anxious to keep in trim. Unfortunately, he is fighting second- and third-raters; on January 29th, for example, his opponent will be Van Goole, the Dutch champion, who has already been beaten by Gains, Pettifer, and Meen. I suppose they are so keen in Cardiff that they will pay good money to see poor fights, but I can't help feeling that Petersen needs the stiffest opposition he can get, and that now he has lost the Championship, he should forget about big purses and jump at any opportunity to get into the ring against worthy opponents. The proposed match with Larry Gains would have been ideal, but the Petersen party wanted too much money, and turned it down.

There 's a possibility—a remote one, I think—that Levinsky will come over here to meet Gains, and this contest would pack any hall in London. The "Kingfisher," as Levinsky calls himself, is a real scrapper, and the way he hammered the tough McCorkindale was impressive. A noisy, boastful fellow, the "Kingfisher," but he delivers the goods, and I wish we could find a heavy-weight with half his vitality. It is rather interesting, by the way, the story that Max Schmeling cancelled his fight with Levinsky because Hitler objected to a fight between a German subject and a Jew. A good story—but there is a spurious publicity ring about it, to my mind.

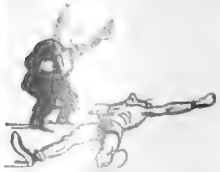
At the Southern Counties' Gun Dog League: Lorna Countess Howe, owner of Idsworth, and Mr. J. Kent, with Sue of Silverlands, second in the Open-to-All Stake

Turning for a moment to lawn tennis, it seems as if Perry is coming to the end of his endurance. His Australian trip has not been very successful, and that is hardly surprising, for he has been playing tennis now for at least a year, with only travelling, tiring in itself, to break the monotony and ease the strain.

I don't know how these tennis players keep at it; after a couple of months I should howl like a dog at the sight of a tennis racket. Anyway, I hope Perry will play no more until Wimbledon when he has finished his present tour.

And what a hectic fortnight we are going to have then—Wimbledon tennis, Davis Cup match, Test Match against the Australians, 'Varsity cricket match, Henley, and so on—a fortnight of high spots in sport—a fortnight which will give the sporting journalist writer's cramp, tennis elbow, and housemaid's knee rolled into one. And did I remember to wish you a prosperous New Year? Anyway, here it is; incidentally, Mr. Jeff Dickson has sent me the most decorative card from Paris, with all the sports which he organises symbolised thereon, and his "meilleurs vœux de nouvel an," which I 'm sure I appreciate and reciprocate.

"I'm a plain Pugilist—

What I says, goes; it has to . . . Like to hear what I think about motor-spirits? "BP" Ethyl has got Punch. It's British, see? The Ethyl fluid they add to it knocks out  "pinking" . . . And now, gentlemen, if it's all the same to you, we'll consider the petrol question settled!"

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CVS—518

The Editor's Box

"L'Apéritif" at the Cumberland Hotel

"L'Apéritif" is one of the most distinctive rooms in the new mammoth hotel, the Cumberland, at Marble Arch. The walls are panelled in figured walnut, and the doors are of tungum metal. The whole scheme of decoration was executed by Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall, S.W.1

Men Who Fuelled Pioneer Motor-Cars

We smile at the "Old Crocks" on their annual "Reliability Run" to Brighton, forgetting that, in their day, these weird and wonderful productions were the monarchs of the road, and the pride of their rich and fashionable owners, who probably looked on the run from London to Crawley much as the modern motorist regards the Monte Carlo Rally. Eight of the men who played leading parts in fuelling these actual pioneer cars were entertained at a farewell dinner given, in connection with their retirement, at the Dorchester Hotel by Mr. Frederick J. Wolfe, Chairman of the Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd. "Almost three centuries of service have been shared by these eight gentlemen," remarked the Chairman, in a witty speech, "a period not quite long enough to carry us back to the time when Henry VIII. was living his Private Life, but long before the Great Fire of London, which would have been a greater one still had it been stimulated by the billions of gallons of petrol, lubricating oil, lamp oil, and fuel oil, which have passed through your hands." Amongst those retiring were two directors—Mr. J. Wilkie Frye and Mr. A. Maclean. The former has been associated with many of the major developments in lubricating oils, while Mr. Maclean was responsible for the creation of the Company's great fleet of ocean-going oil-tankers, built in British shipbuilding yards.

All About the New Books of Reference

Debrett. Here is one of the largest and most interesting social books of reference in existence, containing 2850 pages of information about an apparently endless number of persons, dead and alive. *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage* is edited by Arthur G. M. Hesilrige, and is published by Dean and Son, Ltd., from their new office in Ludgate Hill, not a stone's throw from the premises whence *Debrett* issued some fifty years ago. As long ago as 1808, an advertisement of *Debrett* appeared in the *Star*, and an extract, in facsimile, from this advertisement is one of the most interesting features of the Preface, which, as usual, is full of fascinating information. Typical Questions Debrett Can Answer is an amusing section, and a note on changes of residence during the past year another interesting one.

This, the most complete of social registers, can be obtained, cloth-bound, for 75s., and is an essential part of the equipment of every busy hostess.

Who's Who. This amazing collection of miniature autobiographies makes, in the 1934 edition, its eighty-fifth appearance. Some forty thousand men and women of distinction have, by invitation and with the help of a questionnaire, contributed information about themselves to fill its 3600 pages. Each year the regular readers of *Who's Who* increase in number, for not only is it to be found in every well-equipped office and on the desk of every busy man and woman of the world, but it is bought by innumerable devotees simply for the interest and humour of its reading-matter. It has the same fatal power over the idle scanner of its pages as has a good dictionary.

Who's Who is published by A. and C. Black, Ltd., for 60s., and, leather-backed, for 63s.

Kelly's Royal Blue Book. The first of the trio of reference books published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., contains, besides a vast amount of information about the Royal Households, Government Offices, Embassies, the Houses of Parliament, the Law Courts, and so on, a list of the names, addresses and telephone numbers of private-house owners in the district that lies between Hampstead, Chelsea, Bloomsbury and Kensington. These are arranged according to streets, and also alphabetically. Lists of clubs and theatres, and a map, complete the *Royal Blue Book*, which costs 7s. 6d.

Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes. The Diamond Jubilee of this book is celebrated in the 1934 edition by the inclusion of a new section devoted to hunting information. Brief biographies of peers, officials, and landed or distinguished commoners fill the bulk of the pages, but there can be found, as well, names and addresses of Governors-General, Ambassadors, a list of M.P.s, and information as to precedence, decorations, modes of address and a hundred and one other matters. The Handbook is priced at 30s.

Kelly's Post Office London Directory. This stupendous volume covers a vast number of subjects, many of them quite unconnected with the Post Office, but all relating to well-known and less-well-known aspects of life in London. The section devoted to special subjects contains some unexpected, as well as much useful information. The main portion of the Directory (cloth, 55s.; leather, 70s.) is devoted to the streets of London, the residents therein and their trades and professions.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Fifteen Spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September, inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

December Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss O. M. Bower ..	Warrington	79	12	67	75	6 below
Miss Evans	Worsley	86	13	73	74	1 ..
Miss B. Lees	Huddersfield	83	5	78	77	1 above
Miss Wooding	Kingsthorpe	85	10	75	74	1 ..
Mrs. H. Johnson ..	Beverley and E. Riding ..	86	12	74	72	2 ..
Miss E. M. Taylor ..	Saltburn-by-the-Sea ..	85	13	72	70	2 ..
Miss M. Fielding ..	Blackpool North Shore ..	90	14	76	74	2 ..
Miss Sutherland ..	Hockley	89	14	75	72	3 ..
Mrs. M. Lane	Worsley	94	17	77	74	3 ..
Miss K. Lowe	Tamworth	94	18	76	73	3 ..
Miss Enid Pears ..	Walmley	84	4	80	74	6 ..
Miss E. Larkins ..	Walmley	87	7	80	74	6 ..

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. R. Parker ..	Stanley Park, Blackpool ..	88	19	69	74	5 below
Miss M. Ballance ..	Stratford-on-Avon	99	29	70	75	5 ..
Mrs. Adderley	Beverley and E. Riding ..	99	28	71	72	1 ..
Miss Gibson	Beverley and E. Riding ..	102	30	72	72	equal
Mrs. C. R. Hatfield ..	Royal Calcutta	94	20	74	73	1 above
Mrs. Whittaker ..	Worsley	100	25	75	74	1 ..
Mrs. K. G. Pritt ..	Sundridge Park	97	20	77	75	2 ..
Mrs. Donald Fraser ..	North Hants	99	22	77	75	2 ..
Miss G. Fitch	Tamworth	104	25	79	73	6 ..

YEARLY CHALLENGE CUP.

The Bystander Challenge Cup, for the player winning the greatest number of Bystander Spoons during the year (irrespective of which division she is in), has been won for 1933 by

Miss Wooding, handicap 10, Kingsthorpe (Northampton) L.G.C.,

who has won five Spoons, her wins being obtained in January February, April, November, and December.

Second place goes to Miss M. Fielding, of Blackpool North Shore, with four wins, January, February, April, and December; and third to Miss M. Way, of Hockley, with three wins, January, February, and April.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly, but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRESH FIELDS.—Lilian Braithwaite and Ellis Jeffreys inimitable in Ivor Novello's comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAN WHO WAS FED UP.—Basil Foster as the fed-up one, with Barbara Couper as the wife who is responsible for his discontent, in Frederick Witney's comedy from the Embassy: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ON THE ROCKS.—Bernard Shaw points his satiric finger at Downing Street; in the cast are Nicholas Hannen, Ellen Pollock, and Lewis Casson: Winter Garden, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Esherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her philosopher husband, and her ex-princely lover: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—History burnished and subtly modernised to make one of the most successful plays of the year; John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies head the excellent cast: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Duke of York's, 8.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat, Doris Fordred and Ernest Thesiger, a brilliant trio in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TEMPEST.—With Charles Laughton as Prospero, Ursula Jeans as Miranda, and Roger Livesey and Elsa Lanchester as Caliban and Ariel: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BALL AT THE SAVOY.—Musical comedy on sumptuous lines, mostly imported: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEAU BRUMMEL.—Harry Welchman in a musical play, produced by Sir Nigel Playfair: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire dances as only he can, with Claire Luce to back him up; they have Cole Porter's songs to sing: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GIVE ME A RING.—A musical comedy that does just what you 'd expect, except that Will Fyffe and Flanagan and Allen give you an extra laugh: Hippodrome, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30 till Jan. 13.

LILAC TIME.—With Helen Gilliland, Derek Oldham, and W. H. Berry: Alhambra, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. till Jan. 13.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.—All the traditional charm, light-hearted romance and musicality of the Austrian Tyrol as a contrast for the sophistication and polish of Mary Ellis's delightful performance: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30 till Jan. 13.

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NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NYMPH ERRANT.—Gertrude Lawrence from start to finish; if you like her, you 'll like this. Cole Porter's music again, and a super-Cochran cast and setting: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ON WITH THE SHOW.—A spectacular one at that, with Betty Frankiss, Patrick Waddington, Marjorie Lotinga, and a few more: Prince's, 8.15 and 2.30.

PLEASE!—Beatrice Lillie's perfect sense of humour and impudent mimicry framed in the light entertainment of Charlot's revue: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THAT 'S A PRETTY THING.—A musical farce about stolen necklaces, with George Gee untiring in humour and invention as the chief robber: Daly's, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce without the usual flavour; even Sydney Howard finds his famous hands rather empty: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHILE PARENTS SLEEP.—Anthony Kimmins' first play still raises a theatre-full of laughs: Playhouse, 8.40.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK.—An American gangster play, with some ingenious double-plotting and a well-contrived escape; exciting enough for the unsophisticated: Comedy, 8.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—A new mystery play with a murder, by Anthony Armstrong and Harold Simpson: Embassy, 8.15.

Christmas Fare

ALF'S BUTTON.—Musical version: Kingsway.

ALICE AND THOMAS AND JANE: Westminster. Daily 2.30, and some evenings.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Duke of York's. Matinées only.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Pantomime: Scala.

BUCKIE'S BEARS: Playhouse. Matinées only.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—First revival for three years: Gaiety. Twice daily, 2.30, 8.15.

DADDY LONG LEGS: Victoria Palace.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—With Victoria Hopper and Leslie French: Cambridge Theatre. Matinées, 2.30 and some evenings.

JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY.—The Reluctant Dragon, King John's Christmas, and some new mimes: Rudolf Steiner Hall. Matinées.

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA.—Special matinée in aid of Winter Distress League. Jan. 15, 2.30.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES: Little Theatre, 2.30 and 8.15.

PETER PAN.—With Jean Forbes Robertson as Peter: Palladium. Matinées only. Special "Ivory Cross" matinée, Jan. 17.

QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Pantomime: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

TOAD OF TOAD'S HALL: Royalty. Matinées only.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Reginald Bach as Pew, Malcolm Keen as Long John Silver: Comedy. Matinées only.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE: Wyndham's. Daily, 2.30, and some evenings.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD: Fortune. Twice daily.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, 2.15.

OPERA

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at the Old Vic.

CINEMAS

AUNT SALLY.—A Cicely Courtneidge comedy: Tivoli.

THE BOWERY.—A three-star film with Wallace Beery, George Raft and Jackie Cooper; and the "Pied Piper" colour-symphony: New Gallery.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN.—The film of the play, starring Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore: Empire.

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES.—Is in a double programme with "Elmer the Great": Cinema House.

I 'M NO ANGEL.—Mae West's "Come up and see me sometime" film continues to be amusing, vulgar, and full of life: Carlton.

LADY FOR A DAY.—May Robson as an old apple-woman who becomes a Society dame for a day: Coliseum.

LA MATERNELLE.—Continues its run, with "Quartorze Juillet" in a double programme: Academy.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.—Charles Laughton and a cavalcade of Queens, under Alexander Korda's direction, produce a great English picture: Leicester Square.

SITTING PRETTY.—A Hollywood musical comedy: Plaza.

THUNDER OVER MEXICO.—A film on the grandest scale, but without stars, and silent but for musical accompaniment; directed by the famous Eisenstein: Marble Arch Pavilion.

TURKEY TIME.—Another Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce filmed: Capitol.

VOLTAIRE.—George Arliss as the French philosopher: Regal.

MUSIC

Orchestral

BRITISH MUSIC CONCERTS.—The last two of the series arranged by the B.B.C.: Queen's Hall, Jan. 10 and 12, at 8.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the L.P.O. in "Tapiola" and Bax's Fifth and Brahms's First Symphonies: Queen's Hall, Jan. 15 and 16. 8.15.

Recital

BJARNE BRUSTAD.—First appearance here of the Norwegian composer; he plays the viola: Aeolian Hall, Jan. 17. 8.15.

CIRCUSES

INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS.—Bertram Mills's great annual feature: Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.

CIRCUS AND WORLD'S FAIR: Agricultural Hall.

DANCING

In the Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—More girls in cabaret—the American Ambassadeur's Dancers; Lew Stone's band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Cornell and Graft, "modernists of the dance," perform; Billy Gerhardi and his band: extension night, Wednesday.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Sandra Swenska, diseuse, is the "turn" here; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" are doing their last ten days of dazzling the boys: Jack Jackson's band plays.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng back at one of his old haunts; Jack Harris makes the dance music: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—All-dancing cabaret; Beryl Collison's Piccadilly Eight, Cyril Rolls, acrobatic, and the Viennese pair, Eugene and Eleanor Kovary: extension night, Friday.

In the Ballrooms

WINTER SPORTS BALL.—In aid of the Federation of London Working Boys' Clubs: Dorchester, Jan. 18.

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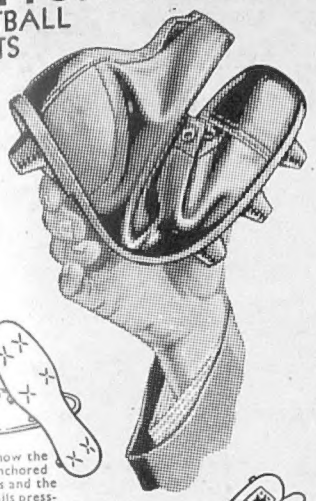

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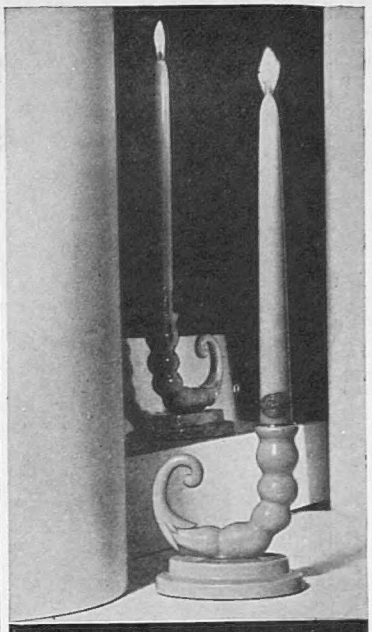

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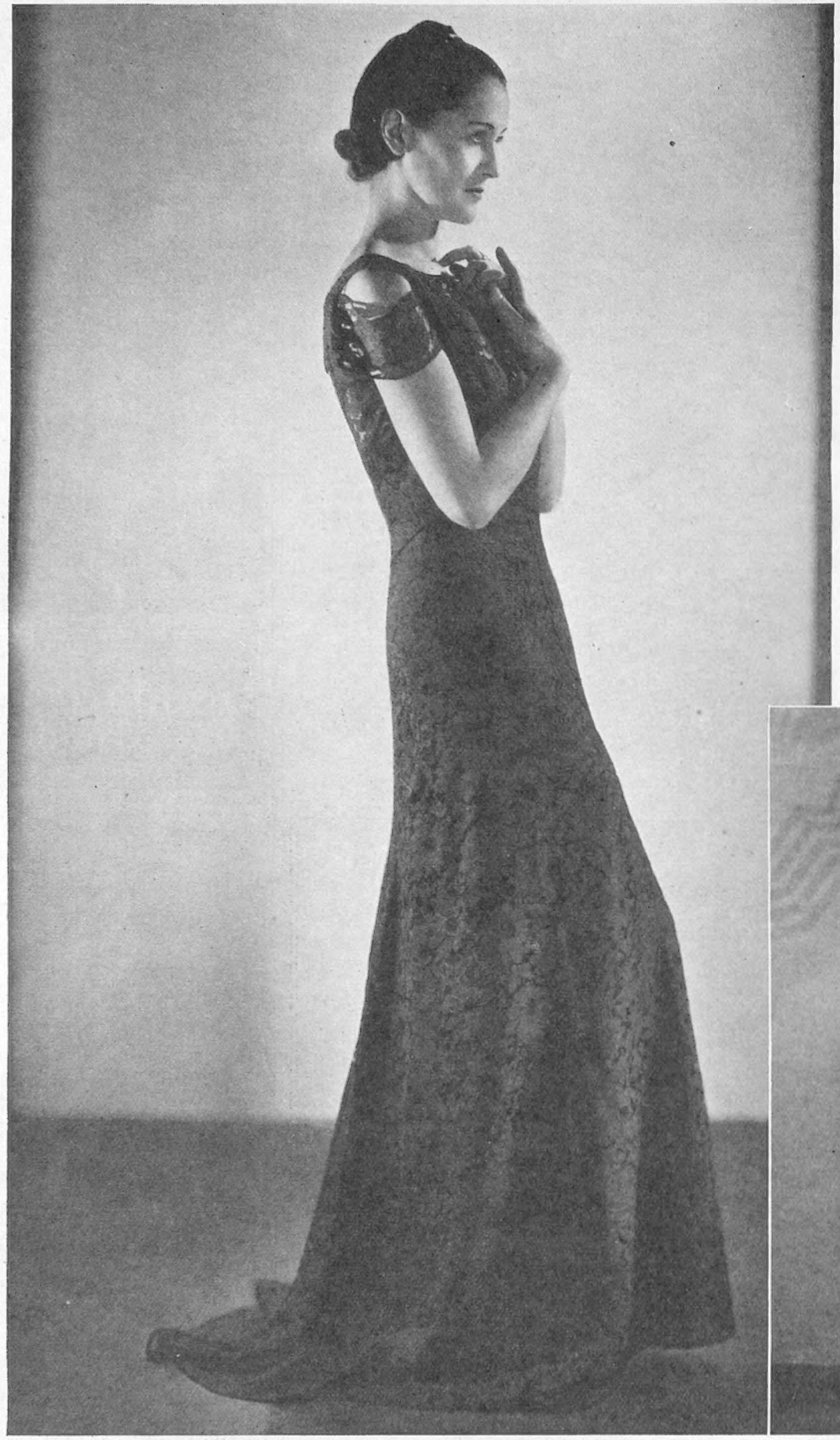

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